

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

DECEMBER 20 2004

CRACKING THE DA VINCI CODE

How the breakaway phenomenon feeds our fascination with Jesus—
and conspiracy theories. What's true, what's not, what's next.

BY BRIAN BETHUNE



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In an accident, some people's lives flash before them. Edgar Muller heard voices.

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In an accident, some people's lives flash before them. Edgar Muller heard voices.

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MACLEAN'S

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"I have always been amazed at Canadians' assumptions that every Canadian law, regulation, policy and program is better than those in the U.S." —Duff Cunniff, *Chicago*

Friends again

Great job on your story about why it's time to take friends again with our U.S. neighbors ("Are we having fun yet?" Cover, Dec. 6). Most other media put a negative spin on George W. Bush's visit to Canada. I may not be his biggest fan, but I think it's time we put an emphasis on strengthening the partnership between our two great countries.

Michael Delno, *Halifax*

I am relieved to see, at last, a sensible response to the American election. Who do we think we are? We have no right to criticize our neighbor.

Grant Corbin, *Windsor, P.C.*

I was struck by a line in your cover story: "Making one's self's appearance, it's the Canadian thing to do." As you say, applying we should welcome our guests, and deconstruct our morality? Any suggestion that "making up for ourselves" is the best thing to do is an insult to our people's intelligence.

Glori Rayner-Halliday, *Victoria*

The Dec. 6 cover photo looks like Paul Martin in a puppet being manipulated by George W. Bush.

Michelle Dupuy, *Montreal*

Americans are a funny bunch, aren't they? They have the nerve to elect a man who much of the world hates. How could this happen? The smart, progressive, enlightened Left all at this time George W. Bush is stupid, and anyone who voted for him is stupid, it must follow that slightly over half of the American population must be stupid as well. This is arrogant ignorance at its worst. Why? Because this election has shown that the American public won't be cowed by random left-wing name-calling.

Dr. Ronald Hooley, *Cheyenne, Wyo.*

On the question of whether Canada should support the U.S. Initiative to build deficit-reduction ("The U.S. is not talking deficit," Cover/Q&A, Dec. 6): If al-Qaeda



or North Korea or anyone else wishes to set off a nuclear explosion in North America, the delivery will likely be by container ship or by offshore vessel or perhaps even a simple suitcase. In today's world, international ballistic missiles are obsolete weapons. Canada should not support the U.S. Initiative on the simple ground that it is a very expensive, unworkable solution to the wrong problem.

Robert Serridge, *Victoria*

The nature of invention

It was to thank you for including my father, Allan Dove, and one of his inventions, the Amden rail, in the list of important Canadian household products in your 2004 Legends and Legends, Special Centennary issue.

Office dreams Does debt fuel your get-rich-quick fantasies?

Our Dec. 6 story on debt hit home with Toronto's Shosh Feigley, who isn't excited from inventing with I had at the time. "I can't do the things I want, because I want to settle into a mortgage, job, and a quiet life for many years, etc. etc." In the meantime, we are all trying to achieve up clever ways to make more money in order to pursue the life we want."

Letters to the Editor: letters@canada.com

Issue ("Immersed in Canadians," *Commentary*, Household). However, I was touched by letter-writer Eric M. Kolday's statement on the subject. He wrote, "I have strongly disagreed with your conclusion that Allan Dove developed the spiral Amden rail for Kelco in 1954. My father, Roy Keldy, and Fred Hayden, both employees of Kelco, co-invented the process to make spiral wire in the early 1950s." That's like saying the creator of aluminum invented the airplane. In fact, Allan Dove created the engineered form we know as the Amden rail—a product that is a major step forward in the fastening together of pieces of wood.

John Dove, *Grimsby, Ont.*

The fun in learning

This letter is in response to your one-sided look at educational toys in "How toys limit their innocence" (Cover, Nov. 22). At LeapFrog, we believe in a balanced approach to both play and learning. Our products are grounded in solid educational research, and at the core of all our products is the notion that children like to play and are naturally curious about new ideas and concepts.

Charlie Stewart, *senior director corporate communications, LeapFrog Enterprises, Inc., Buffalo, Calif.*

The oil factor

I appreciate Brian Bithana's lead words about my book *It's the Crude, Dude* ("Mid, Mid World," Books, Nov. 22). Brian never left the impression that I have no answer to Governor Dyer's blithe dismissal of the notion that oil was an important factor in the U.S. invasion of Iraq. Dyer contends that Washington could have just written a cheque to get Iraq's oil. This misses the point. Washington's goal has never been simply to buy oil, but rather to get control of it. This has particularly been the case since the 1973 Arab oil embargo left U.S. strategic planners focused on how to prevent America's access to this most vital commodity from ever being cut off again. Washington's obsession to get control of oil is a very, very pronounced today, since the world will face doubling oil resources in the coming decades—a problem that Vice-President Dick Cheney has long considered key.

Udo McGehee, *London*

Small-town voices

Your article on the urban-rural divide generated an entire gamut of emotions ("The

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Easy on the eyes, but Farrell's mouth offends sensitive ears

war between town and country." Cover, Nov. 25) I live in a small town in northern Ontario, an area both my husband and I were born and raised in, and planned to raise our children in. In the last decade, we've watched family after family leave their homes for city life. Our houses, which in Toronto would probably be worth more than \$300,000, sell for just \$6,999. Our hospital and medical centres get cut to the bone. We pay our taxes, elect our members of Parliament, but in the end, we live each day with the anxious cloud of despair created by the war between town and country. Thank you for providing a realistic picture of our adversity.

Cheryl Rivlin, Simsbury/Red Falls, Ont.

Feel free, people from the city, to come and join us for this idyllic lifestyle—like please don't take over. Some of us have been here for generations, and we don't want our way of life to change drastically. We enjoy the variety you bring and the financial support as well—but remember we were here first.

Many people don't like looking out their windows and seeing cows in a field, they proba-

bly should have thought about that before they purchased a home right beside one of these. It's their own fault and they should learn to deal with it.

Karl Ridd, Carleton Place

Altered perceptions

In his response to Steve Meech's article on decriminalizing marijuana, Daniel Cormier of Maple, Ont., wrote: "Could you imagine how dangerous the roads would be with reckless, stoned drivers behind the wheel?" ("Sparking debate," The Mail, Dec. 5). I would ask Mr. Cormier to choose between a drunk driver travelling at 100 km/h who thinks he's going 50, and someone high on weed who is travelling 40 but thinks he's going 100. While I wouldn't want either on our roads, it seems to me that the stoned driver is the less dangerous one.

Colin MacIsachara, Sudbury, Ont.

The measure of a man?

In his Backlist review, John Ikin writes that Colin Farrell is a man's man because "he pepper his conversations with obscenity" ("A Hollywood pretty boy who's not afraid to get a little dirty," Dec. 5). Wow. And here I thought that a real man knew how to carry on a conversation without using obscenities. If cursing makes him a man, no wonder the school system has to deal with swearing six years old. They're just in order to be man!

Dariusz Mielni, Annapolis, Ont.

Setting the record straight

As a member of the Saskatchewan Police Service since 1993 and a current member of the police association executive, I take issue with your story concerning the dismissal of two Saskatchewan police officers ("Road," Up Front, Nov. 22). Although this has been a difficult time for the service, at no time did the police association or any member of the service talk about a strike. If Constables Lawrence Hanning and Bradley Senger were dismissed, also, you inaccurately wrote that the "police union had threatened job action" if these constables were disciplined.

Brend Forster, Saskatoon

a joke (while they're still laughing)

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



PREPARING FOR THE 2005 SPECIAL OLYMPICS

Determination and persistence. Those are the characteristics that are taking Jessie Camiré, to Nagano, Japan in February to compete in the snowshoeing events at the 2005 Special Olympics World Winter Games.

An athlete who, in addition to snowshoeing, competes in swimming, track and field and five-pin bowling, Camiré (above left, with three-time Olympic gold medal winner Marie McKeown, and her coach Françoise Roy, right, at last week's 22nd annual Sports Celebrities Festival Day fundraiser in Toronto) is part of Canada's 72-member Special Olympics team. More than 2,500 athletes from 80 other countries will also participate in the eight-day event.

"If I told Jessie jumping through a ring of fire would improve her chances in Nagano, she would do it," says Roy. "She has some challenges with dexterity, but when she has a goal, she's extremely determined to achieve it."

Camiré qualified for the World Games with her performance at the 2004 National Games in R.E.J., where she won a gold medal in the 100-m snowshoe-luge event and a bronze in the 200-m.

Camiré, 31, lives in Hearst, Ont., where she volunteers five days a week at a local daycare. "She loves being with the kids," says Roy.

This marks the 14th year that Maclean's is a SOC communications partner. The relationship has enabled Special Olympics Canada to tell millions of Canadians about its mission to use sports to enrich the lives of Canadians with an intellectual disability, says Jim Jordan, president of Special Olympics Canada. "We are most grateful for our longstanding partnership with Maclean's. Not only has it raised awareness of Special Olympics Canada's athletes and coaches, but also of our corporate partners who share our mission."

To learn more about Special Olympics Canada, visit www.specialolympics.ca.

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UPFRONT

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Society | The same-sex debate heads Parliament's way

Now the real selection begins. The Supreme Court set the table and lit the candles when it approved Ontario's proposal to legalize same-sex marriage, ruling that the concept of gay unions flows "unambiguously" from the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and saying that only Parliament has the authority to define the legal notion of marriage. (Risks and religious objections cannot be forced to marry people of the same sex.) But by coyly refusing to endorse lower-court rulings that the traditional definition of man-woman marriage is unconstitutional, the top court deliberately put the matter back in Paul Martin's lap. If gay marriage is to be the law of the land, not just the law in seven jurisdictions, then the Prime Minister is the one who must get down on bended knees

Celebrating the Supreme Court ruling, Jon Vernell and Kevin Bagnasco, whose attempt to register 10 for marriage in part led to a historic Ontario court decision last year.

He's off to a quick start, promising federal legislation to redefine marriage as early as next month, and a free vote. But he may have to do more. It's unlikely Parliament will resort to the Charter's nebulous definition to snapper an inclusive definition. But Conservative Leader Stephen Harper is hoping to have the House of Commons affirm the traditional interpretation. That means Martin will have to announce a raft of sweeping Liberals that this is ultimately about fairness and understanding, key ingredients in any successful union.

Quote of the week | "We are called to assist the Earth to heal her wounds and in the process heal our own." Two-plating activist **WANGARI MAATHAI** of Kenya, the first environmentalist to win the prestigious Nobel Peace Prize, accepting the award in Oslo, Norway

ScoreCard



CANADIAN HEADS
U.S. company sells 60 Canadian kits for Americans wishing to hide identity while abroad. Disguise includes: itchy Levi shirt, pin, patch and guide on Gatorade logo—of the 2004 U.S. Series. Liberals could have saved a bundle in Quebec sponsorship scam by buying American.



LAPTOPS
National study finds kids who park near portable computers on their father's lap instead of stick away book. Troops of fatherhood researchers unsure if reproductive risk applies to women—through gay web's, sell one of these on his lap can form over-operators.



GAS PAIN
Doctors warn actor Glen A. Johnson's stomach all thirty Muslim consumers for eating what's there. But, hey, maybe it runs on hot air.



BRANDAN SHAMAHAM
Chicago's first mayor calls single Turk to reboot after game. May disagree with some ideas—Overcome the obstacle? Yuck—but not need for more heart and less clutter and gain. Same at negotiating time, boys.

Mansbridge on the Record



STRONG, SILENT TYPES

It's time Canadians learned more about the heroic exploits of the elite JTF 2

ONE MORNING last February, I was lined up at Dubai airport waiting for a flight into Kabul, Afghanistan. Nearby were two tough-looking young Americans—they clearly weren't tourists or aid workers, but men with a military background. One had been with U.S. forces in Afghanistan during what was continuing fight against the Taliban, and al Qaeda, the other had been involved in the invasion of Iraq and had only recently finished his tour there. Both were new out of the military and heading into Kabul, hoping to make some big bucks by joining one of the many private security firms trying to help bring order to a struggling country.

When they heard I was from Canada, the veteran of the Afghan campaign talked with real interest about Canadian troops he'd met while he'd been "in theatre." He mentioned stories he'd heard about Canada's special operations unit, the elite JTF 2, including one about a devastating middle-of-the-night raid where the force overtook the score for other Canadians killed by an insurgent's roadside bomb. It was an anecdote that may have been born in a bar—but maybe not. I was never able to corroborate it, and it met with no comments whenever I pressed Canadian officials.

During my week at the Canadian base in Kabul, I kept trying to push for some kind of JTF 2 story, but with no luck. The best I was offered was an interview with a media relations officer who would be allowed to corroborate "JTF 2" but not discuss any thing about its role in Afghanistan—and the military seemed surprised when I turned

it down. However, by chance, I did meet a few members of the unit. One night I sat down, off the record, with senior member of the International Security Assistance Force in Kabul—his job was so sensitive he always travelled with an elite security detail—and on this night he told me it was a group from JTF 2. Now I'm a fairly big guy—over six feet tall and more than 200 pounds. But these guys were really big—and really serious. No idle chatter here. In fact, no chatter at all. They were so focused that when I turned one of them had actually let a mule of recognition, I felt I was on my way to a Pulitzer.

The other day, JTF 2 did make news—but as usual without any fanfare from Ottawa and certainly with no details. George W. Bush presented members of the group who were part of a coalition task force with the U.S. Presidential Unit Citation for "extraordinary heroism in action against the enemy." It's quite the honour, and as it's rarely awarded, it made me want to learn more about exactly what happened. But again, nothing was forthcoming.

Two years ago, when I wrote a column on JTF 2 wondering whether Ottawa was being too nervous about the unit's exploits, some desk-bound officer wrote in reply that such information would be putting individual soldiers' lives at risk. Please, we understood, and have shown that we respect that concern. But surely there is some middle ground when "extraordinary heroism" is cited. In the past, I've talked to two very senior members of government about JTF 2—both agreed it was a great story, expressed sympathy with my desire to know more, but then stated that even they weren't given the much information about the group. Too bad, especially since American leaders seem to know all about them.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The Morning Show. He can be reached at pmansbridge@cbc.ca.

FaceTime

Desertion

The case is a long shot, as even the applicant admits. The Immigration and Refugee Board adjudicator has already ruled the legality of the U.S. war in Iraq a "moral issue." But that hasn't prevented Jeremy Nickerson, the 26-year-old U.S. Marine seeking asylum in Toronto, from pulling out all the stops. In a sworn testimony, a follow-up interview with 12 years in the corps said he and his unit



killed more than 30 unarmed Iraqi civilians, as well as a man with his hands up trying to surrender. The testimony includes a statement that it is unjust war, but it still may not provide the legal basis for the refugee status he and two other deserters are seeking.



Bye-bye, slagger! He's been a few days on his entire 13-year career, a two-time all-star and, just as important, a huge Cleveland baseball fan. The controversial Toronto Blue Jays did not offer salary arbitration to Carlos Delgado, leaving their biggest star to



Princess Aiko, 25, Japan's Princess Sayako was a role model for countless Japanese women trying to pursue a career.

hunt for a new team. The Jays will save his US\$15.5-million salary to shore up holes in the lineup. But the team will miss his leadership and run production, and the city will miss a citizen with a terrific smile and a big heart. On the day he learned his job days were officially over, the Puerto Rican was in Toronto volunteering at a local museum. Also, the controversial Toronto Blue Jays did not offer salary arbitration to Carlos Delgado, leaving their biggest star to

in her case as an anthropologist. They seem to be just as happy she's now going to marry—on her terms—long-time acquaintance Yoshio Kuroda, 36, a Tokyo city planner. Because let's be honest, the princess must still have other brothers, great up her royal status, in keeping with Japanese tradition, to pass her husband's lineage on.

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WORLD

INTRIGUE The U.S. is poised to hand its sprawling spy network of often competing agencies, and much of their US\$40-billion annual budget, over to one boss, a new national intelligence director. Part of a post-Sept. 11 reform, the bill to put the FBI, CIA and about a dozen other agencies under one roof has now passed Congress and the Senate with broad bipartisan support.

NORTHERN IRELAND Despite three months of tense no talks, there's no deal yet to restore power-sharing between Catholic and Protestant politicians in Northern Ireland, British PM Tony Blair announced. The sticking point is still the disposal of IRA arms. The group says it is willing to destroy its stockpile but refuses to allow disarmament officials to photograph the event.

NBA Michigan prosecutors laid assault charges against the members of the winning Indiana Pacers and five Detroit Pistons fans for a violent post-game brawl Nov. 19 that shocked the sporting world. Pacers star Javaris "G'Ned" Jones faces two counts of common assault; Ron Artest, who dashed into the stands, faces one; and a fan was charged with felony assault for throwing a chair.

MIDDLE EAST Britain is reportedly ready to host a Middle East peace conference early in the new year, after Palestinians select a



RAVAGED Their homes were destroyed in a tide of mud and debris. Victims of storms hit the Philippines. The only good news: four survivors, including a three-year-old girl, were pulled from a collapsed building, after 11 days in the wreckage.

new leader, and Egypt and Israel cemented closer ties by exchanging prisoners.

But insurgent attacks in Iraq continued apace, while Bin al Qaeda supporters engaged in a running gun battle with security at the U.S. consulate in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, killing five non-U.S. employees. Meanwhile, on a visit to U.S. troops in

Kuwait, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld got an earful from soldiers who said they were food-toughing up camp meals from back yards to reinforce their armored vehicles. In an unusually blunt exchange, soldiers also complained that they should be allowed to leave the military when their terms ended, and not be subject to involuntary extensions.

BLOWING SHAKES The world's top automakers, including America's Big Three as well as Volkswagen and Toyota, are using California, trying to stop it from becoming the first state to broaden emissions laws to gases linked to global warming, specifically carbon dioxide. Canada has also talked about following the California rules, which would come into effect in the 2009 model year.

HUNGER Despite pledges from developed countries and the promise of so-called miracle crops, the world is losing the battle against hunger, a UN agency reported. It said 832 million go to bed malnourished, up 18 million from the mid 1990s.

HEALTH

FINDINGS There were two important developments for women with breast cancer or anyone suffering from high blood pressure. After a five-year trial, British researchers say post-menopausal women with breast cancer should be switched to the new drug anastrozole, from the current gold standard tamoxifen, because it has fewer side effects and seems to keep cancer at bay longer.

Meanwhile, a different group of British scientists hailed a large study early because they found a combination of two new blood-pressure-lowering drugs—a calcium channel blocker called Nifedipine and the ACE inhibitor, Cozaart—worked better at preventing stroke and heart attacks than existing medications. The study was funded by six companies that make the new drugs.

CANADA

NFL With talks in Toronto coming down to the wire, the players' union is proposing a 24 per cent **rollback** in coaching salaries, reductions in rookie contracts and a luxury tax, similar to the NBA, if the owners will drop their demand for a hard cap on salaries and end the current lockout. The deal would



BY DAN MURPHY





6

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UPFRONT

are the owners about \$647 million in the first three years, the union said. The two sides were expected to meet again this week.

SHOWBOS Two Canadian Forces Snowbirds crashed in mid air while practicing aerobatics over southern Saskatchewan, killing one pilot and seriously injuring the other, who was able to quit. Dead is Capt. Mike Selby, 31, of Timmins, B.C., a two-year veteran of the elite aerobatic team.

BATTLE-TESTED Canada's elite commando unit, the shadowy group known as Joint Task Force Two, was awarded a unique presidential citation directly from George W. Bush for "extraordinary heroism" in rooting out Taliban fighters from their hideouts in Afghanistan. It's only the second time Canadian soldiers have received the U.S. award. The last one went to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry during the Korean War in the 1950s.

GOOD SAMARITAN A man with one leg, who found \$40,000 on a Toronto street and promptly turned it in to the nearest bank, won't have her \$2,900 finder's fee deducted from her well-earned benefits, the Ontario government said. Premier Dalton McGuinty called Debbie Pelti an inspiration. The woman said it was a matter of upbringing.



MATH TESTS Canadian 15-year-olds ranked third in reading, seventh in math and 11th in science last year, according to a survey of 41 developed countries by the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development. Broken down by province the results show Alberta is Canada's leader, its students performing at the

very highest rank alongside those from Finland and Hong Kong.

HOCKEY NAGS Blake's incidents at the rink. A year-and-a-half ago, Oshie, and her daughter were charged with assault after allegedly throwing a metal bar and a coffee tin at a junior A player, quoted for hitting another player, the woman's son, from behind. As a person gone in Mississauga, Ont., a minor lawsuit opposing him by filing her suit over her son and shaking her breast. She was banned from the league's arena for a year.

KEDMANS The movie in Hindi for miracle, but that was not to be. Despite a blood transfusion to gain needed antibodies, the little Asian elephant at the Calgary Zoo that was rejected by her mother at birth died of an unknown infection. Undaunted, keepers are planning to breed the 14-year-old mother, Mahasiri, again as soon as possible.



SOME HOUSE The dream of Ball in society put on their finest—and some of the anti-rights activists outside, call they were still no match for the conference of AMN's La Scala, the world's premier opera house, suspended after an almost three-year, \$10-million feud.

Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



TOO SMART, TOO BAD

Canada's elitist immigration policy is failing to meet the job needs of our economy

YOU CAN SEE how we got into this mess. We closed the finest immigrants, those who could fit seamlessly into the economy. So when we overhauled the immigration system in 2002, we ditched that masterly notion of meeting specific labour market needs jobs went long-fiddly the time we headed up foreign candidates anyway. Instead, we overrated an elite where that targeted points for everything from years in school to number of degrees and language skills. This, we arrogantly reasoned, was foolproof.

And now John Manville tries to convince employers from auto parts makers who cannot find skilled workers like me, chemists. The executive director of the non-profit Council for American-Soviet Human Resources says most foreign tradesmen cannot master the points for acceptance, and the number of newcomers with trade certificates is declining. In desperation, employers are resorting to temporary work permits that expedite the arrival of short-term staff. "The immigration system," Manville says, "is challenged."

So now what? Last month, Immigration Minister Judy Sgro and her precursors could not agree to present a strategy new enough to overhaul the system. Once again,

"We cannot be doing what we need. X amount of immigrants if we don't know what our labour market needs," argues Sgro. "We have got to work with the provinces, the cities and other stakeholders to develop a plan for what we need in every five-year cycle. Right now, we just react to pressure because so many people want to come here."

Helpful hints abound. Queen's University economist Arthur Sweetman has ascertained that immigrants with less education in higher earnings fields like medical technology make more than immigrants with more education in lower earnings fields such as retail. So, if we want immigrants who will prosper in the job market, "field-of-study" should be a huge factor in their selection—far greater than number of degrees and years of schooling or even their occupation. We should restrict arrivals in tough economic times because early hardship in the job market may permanently damage an immigrant's prospects. And we should allow more points for community college learning, especially where the "field-of-study" matches our needs. "It is virtually impossible for someone with trade certificates to come here now," Sweetman says. "And that is a big error."

The Irish-born Ontario Sgro says, "We're always behind the ball, and now we've got to get ahead of it." That means faster processing of applications, including almost immediate pre-screening in applicants don't wait years to know if they're acceptable. That way, approved candidates could spend the months until final processing investigating their job prospects and figuring out how to get their credentials recognized.

And, remarkably, Sgro is even considering the creation of a new category of economic immigrant, which would include those who can't pass the points system but whose skills are badly needed. "Why couldn't we add another sector?" she asks. "We need a huge number of people in the construction trades to help Vancouver with the 2010 Olympics. We need to be flexible." So the success of these federal provisions will take over the next six months is crucial. As it is now, we have literally outsmarted ourselves and our job markets. **E**

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Passages

DIED William (Bill) Stewart, one of Canada's premier Second World War correspondents, followed the Canadian campaign through Italy and later landed with Allied troops on D Day. He also covered the Japanese surrender in 1945. Upright, unfappable and fluently bilingual, Stewart was for years the Canadian Press bureau chief in Montreal, overseeing coverage of Quebec's Quiet Revolution. He died at his home in St. Lambert, Que., at age 90.

DIED A former pinball dancer with the National Ballet of Canada, he looked more like a quarterback. But partner Karen Kain didn't mind because Serge Larive could lift her like a dove. The Quebec-born dancer, who had a history of heart problems, died in his sleep in Vidua, Ga., while on tour with the Columbus City Ballet, of South Carolina, which he and his wife opened. He was 41.

EXTRADITED Justice Minister Irwin Cotler ordered the extradition to New York of reputed Montreal crime boss **Vito Rizzuto**, 58, wanted in the U.S. in connection with three Mafia murders in the 1980s. The extradition, however, is based on racketeering charges that Rizzuto's lawyers argue have passed their statute of limitations.

DIED Philippe Desnoes Gigante, a man of many talents—former journalist, author, Liberal senator and aide to Pierre Trudeau—died after a long fight with brain cancer, which he first contracted in March in April 2002. He was 81.

AILING Pop culture icon **Dick Clark**, 75, the seemingly agile New Year's Eve bandleader and former host of *American Bandstand*, was in a Los Angeles hospital after suffering a stroke. **James Brown**, the godfather of soul, has been diagnosed with prostate cancer. He is 71 and is to undergo surgery.



PAINTBURNER DRIVES AWAY HAVE A GOOD STORY TO TELL.



THE ALL-NEW 2005 NISSAN PATHFINDER Sometimes asked what you get up to, tell yourself "No request, 'Nissan'! Surprising, was that not exactly as surprising as how different the new Pathfinder truly is. For one, it has a larger, safety-inspired interior. Now, taking drive and sport-like feel and over 7 passengers comfortably. A 4 liter, 200 horsepower engine mated with a 5 speed automatic transmission, and an All Mode 4WD system is certainly built to inspire. So look the smooth ride of an independent rear suspension. Now, you could say everything is changed except it's not a 4x4. But this wouldn't be much of a story, would it?



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Hockey | PIERRE MOGURE, GAME ANALYST

‘WHAT’S NEEDED IS URGENCY’

IN ONLY TWO SEASONS as TSN's lead game analyst, Pierre McGuire has become a huge star in hockey broadcasting. A former assistant coach (Pittsburgh) and later head coach (Hartford), he's earned a reputation for keen insights and astute pregame opinions on everything from the defence tripping NHL game to the current lockout. Fluently bilingual, the 43-year-old Montclairer does regular radio spots across the country, including on the hot 590 in Toronto, and, drawing on an English degree earned while playing U.S. college hockey, he writes occasional columns. With time narrowing out on the labour settlement, the married father of two pondera a bleak possibility: a Canadian winter without NHL hockey.

Last season you logged 250,000 air miles. This season you've been driving the kids back and forth to school. How does a locked-out TV guy stay in game shape? I will do radio in Ottawa, Montreal, Van-

coach and Toronto. For me, what's most important is keeping abreast of what's transpiring in the lockout. And I've been getting myself prepared, going into camp for Canada's world junior team.

You've called for changes to live up to the NFL's dalli style of play. What would you fix first?

Tolson up the neutral zone. We need to generate more speed, more flow and scoring chances. Better players are being taken out by lesser players because of congestion in the neutral zone. I want a league in which the best players can thrive offensively.

You aren't afraid of criticism, whether it's funny one-piece sticks or players' performances. Have you ever been confronted by someone who thought you were offside?

I'm sure people say stuff, but I've never been confronted. You know, I've got to do my job for the viewers, and I'll continue to do my job that way.

On TV, you're much louder than in person. Did you set out to become the monitor of the broadcast booth?

Naturally. When I started doing game analysis, my bosses put me, "Be yourself!" And when I coached, I was pretty demonstrative. I think it's really important to have emotion in hockey, so I try to put everything I have into every game.

A lot of rich NFLers are playing in Europe while the lockout's on. Should they be putting prime-league guys out of work?

I understand guys wanting to play. What I don't like is that with about 300 guys over there, that takes away the mechanism for encouraging negotiations between players and owners. What's needed is urgency, and guys playing over there takes that urgency away.

The players have offered major concessions to get talks going with the owners. Does the union's latest proposal go far enough?

I admire the players for trying to get something back. It's tough taking 34 per cent out of your pocket, especially for players with guaranteed contracts. But there's no cost certainty in the proposal, and that's what the owners want. The players gave a lot, but it's only one-inch-it. I remember one of the contract in baseball, but hockey can't afford that because it doesn't have baseball's TV deals and licensing revenues.

Do you see any chance of the league sub-siding some of the seasons at this point?
I hope I'm wrong, but I'd be stunned if we had NEHL hockey this year. JAMES DEACON

UKRAINE'S ORANGE ALERT

The revolution continues—albeit with some compromises, DANYLO HAWALESHKA reports

WHAT'S AN UPRISING these days without a mega pop star? In Kiev's wired world of the Orange Revolution, there's Ukraine's darling—Ruslana, the one-named singing screensaver who won the 2004 Euro Idol competition. Ruslana, her country's first platinum-record performer, has cleverly found her way into her competitors' hearts. She's appeared onstage with opposition leader Viktor Yushchenko, and dropped in on Test City, the student squatters' camp in the middle of Khreshchatyk Street in the downtown core. Last week, in front of a blocked government building, she rallied a chanting crowd

that demanded real democracy for Ukraine.

The grey structure itself, which houses the cabinet of government ministers, is in the grand Soviet style, an imposing monolith unsuited to democracy than to, say, intimidating peasants. Ruslana—decked out in orange sweater, gloves and combat boots—climbed halfway up a steep and muddy staircase, across the street from the ministers' offices. On the ridge above and behind her, some 20 young revolutionary rhytmers pounded old hit drums, creating a deafening, on-the-warpath-like din that reverberated off the building's looming facade. Bull horns in hand, long noses hair whipped by

hazmat, passed legislation to curtail electoral fraud, and thus ends the sweeping power the president currently wields. Some Yushchenko supporters grumbled over the trade-off. Still, the deal breathed new life into weary tired demonstrations. And, more importantly, it resolved a tense political standoff between Yushchenko, outgoing President Leonid Kuchma, and his hand-picked, now largely disgraced candidate for the disputed presidency, Viktor Yanukovich.

The Rodia agreement dissolved the problem-plagued Central Electoral Commission. While parliamentarians immediately re-elected 11 of the commission's 15 representa-

tives, four bad apples were tossed out. Tight controls on absentee ballots will be introduced, a key Yushchenko demand. But it came at a price: Yushchenko was forced to agree to

IN KIEV and the surrounding areas, there is anger against Russian President Vladimir Putin and his interference

Ruslana was what the Orange Revolution and the increasingly singing Yushchenko forces needed. Thus, at a crucial parliamentary compromise. Buses attended by hundreds of thousands of orange-clad protesters had themselves by early last week. That was to be expected, given the political kill, education, and a miserable drizzle. But then, in mid week, an overwhelming majority of the Yushchenko Bloc, the par-

liament's largest bloc, passed legislation to curtail electoral fraud, and thus ends the sweeping power the president currently wields. Some Yushchenko supporters grumbled over the trade-off. Still, the deal breathed new life into weary tired demonstrations. And, more importantly, it resolved a tense political standoff between Yushchenko, outgoing President Leonid Kuchma, and his hand-picked, now largely disgraced candidate for the disputed presidency, Viktor Yanukovich.



ty tell people the truth—that's how I see my job."

Ukrainians aren't only thirsting for the truth; they crave the opportunity to tell their own stories to an increasingly liberal and free media. Radio Kiev set up a tent outside the mayor's office, in front of Test City. There, journalist Victoria Popadyuk, 22, stood holding a microphone plugged into a Sony Dacnum recorder for two to three hours at a time as people roared. (Popadyuk was decked out in a bright orange coat trimmed with an orange fur collar—in the tradition from East Bloc nations to open democracy, journalists' impartiality is occasionally a necessary casualty.) Twice a hour, the station broadcast one minute clips of the roars. Things got heated, and crowded. "These people want to be heard," said Popadyuk. "Some speak for 15 to 30 minutes. It's hard to snap their sentences."

What succeeds this peaceful revolution has had earlier as its precursor the people's law. Boychuk, the 38-year-old "co-revolutionary" of a student camp barricaded down in apartment in the Rodia. Boychuk belongs to Penn, the student organization that established his camp and

his earliest voice the widespread fraud of the Nov. 21 presidential runoff and Yushchenko's great personal sacrifice (on top of feverish campaigning, he also survived a suspected poisoning). "That's why we're the opposition's biggest deficit," said Kompaniyenko, a prisoner of constitutional law and Ukrainian politics at the University of Kiev Mohyla Academy.

On the plus side, Poroshenko suspects voters

Even with a Yushchenko win, the two in cold and if the doesn't deliver on four crucial items

are willing to give Yushchenko an extended honeymoon. Still, Ukrainians expect a lot, given the widespread disillusion over the Kuchmagorin's culture of corruption. Like Anna Lukatska, a law student at the National Taras Shevchenko University of Kiev. Authorities at the school, she says, told stu-

dents they could be expelled if they sided with the pro-western Yushchenko. "We're the No. 1 university—and they threatened us for our ideas," said Lukatska. "Can you imagine that?" Old-style attitudes like that are among the reasons Oleksa Oshchko, 25, writes for a new website maintained by the Committee of Youth of Ukraine, a new governmental organization. "I would divorce my," Oshchko said matter-of-factly. "We

Test City (Pena means "it's mine"). He looks older than he is. His command position is military MASH website, one of seven camps set up outside the mayor's office. About 80 people remain in or near the camp. There are guards, more of them no more than 14. Park benches form a parallel perimeter that surrounds the enclave.

At 1:30 a.m. one night early last week, Popadyuk was still a couple of hours from

LOCAL HERO

Danny Williams's stunts and savvy have pushed Newfoundland's concerns to the top of the national agenda, says JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

FOR SOME REASON, most of the really good stories about Danny Williams seem to involve him crashing parties. Like the time more than a decade ago—years before he ever thought of becoming premier of Newfoundland and Labrador—that he was at a big television industry convention in the southern United States. During the province's largest cable company trade Williams a mover and shaker in St. John's, but it wasn't enough to pull an invite to the hottest event, a VIP pass) crowd hunted by the Playboy Channel. So he and the boys got a copy of the (money, spread themselves up—Danny

a bit of a dandy in his plain-coloured suit—and headed down to the second stop of the night, hoping to blend into the crowd. The drinks were pretty. Everything was going to plan. Until Williams, never one to shy away, found himself being interviewed by a local TV crew. "What did he make of the situation?" Williams grinned and gave viewers an introduction to Newfoundland humour: "I think the beer was like joo."

The wits are more conservative these days, the partying is toned down, but there's still plenty of mischief at the heart of Danny Williams. In office for little more than a year, the man they call "Danny Williams" (in 2000 he sold his cable company to Rogers for \$132 million in cash and stock) is fast becoming the best boss in Canadian politics. Scrappy, amiable and with a well-developed flair for the dramatic—he took them almost an entire day to angrily string out of a federal provincial summit on equalization payments this October—Williams has vaulted Newfoundland's concerns to

the top of the national agenda with his stunts and savvy. His capacity for making waves, and headlines, is seemingly unlimited.

Take a recent appearance in Toronto with the three other Atlantic premiers. The occasion was one of those Bay Street pilgrimages that provincial leaders regularly undertake to remind bankers and business people that life, and investment opportunities, exist outside of southern Ontario. The formula is familiar: the blue-chip suit once gets an overcooked piece of salmon and some equally dry speeches. The other premiers track to their scripts and time limits. Not Williams. For close to a half-hour, he laid a thorough beating on the federal

'A DEAL is a deal, a promise is a promise,' Williams says. 'It's a real matter of integrity for the people of this province.'

government. "I'm sporting a bit of a cold," he began. "I got a little run close to Fred Martin on the last couple of weeks and he was going on the cold shoulder."

Williams provided chaos and a sense of fun with Ottawa for a bigger share of the wealth generated by offshore oil. He passionately advanced the idea that this is his province's last, best hope to become a have rather than a potential have-not. And he delivered a shot across the Prime Minister's bow that had the crowd buzzing and reporters scribbling furiously. At the close, on point in the election campaign left hand, he reminded the crowd, Paul Martin came to St. John's and promised the people of Newfoundland and Labrador 100 per cent of the oil royalties. "If he doesn't honour that commitment made to us during the election, then you have to decide if he will honour any commitment in any future election." Williams then took his seat, looking suitably serious. If not downright angry. But somewhere underneath it all there was the hint of a smile. If you believe in the

righteousness of the cause, throwing bombs can be a fun way to make a living.

INSIDE THE sea-foam-green chamber of the House of Assembly in St. John's, the premier is doing his best not to look conspicuously bored. It's a lame question period by Newfoundland standards—only one challenge from the leader of the opposition to a member of the government to cross the floor and engage in fistfights. A 25-year career in business and law as absolute ruler of his own fiefdoms qualified Williams for politics, but it didn't prepare him. He still battles at the "waxed time" in the House, and the daily distractions that take him away from the real work of governing. And when the spotlight isn't on him, the 35-year-old son of a fisherman like a schoolchild, musing out space, even twiddling his thumbs. Not that the opposition is demanding much of his attention these days. Their side of the House looks like a clear case—the Liberals and NDP account for just 14 of the chamber's 40 seats. Williams is a breath of political fresh air

A Rhodes Scholar with Andy Travis, but who loses nothing better than making up on the hockey rink and sharing a beer with the boys. As a crusading lawyer, he prosecuted the use of business jet syndrome as a quarter defence in Canada, and secured a \$10.2 million settlement for victims of abuse in the Mount Cashel orphanage. He persuaded a bankrupted \$2,500 into a personal fortune estimated at \$150 million, yet beyond a passion for his cars and fun driving there are few trappings of wealth. He hardly mixes with the province's elite, preferring the company of a close circle of buddies—always off-the-beat younger—including a corporate lawyer at the St. John's airport. He donates his \$125,000 annual salary to a charitable foundation he set up to help families of children needing out of province medical care.

On balance, there have been more downs than ups since Williams' Storm swept to power in October 2003, but the battle over offshore oil has pumped the premier's popularity to dizzying heights. Like Newfoundland and the merits of Lamb's Palm Resort

rum, the quest for a "fair share" of resource revenue is something few Newfoundlanders will argue against. Last April, after the province introduced the toughest back-to-work legislation in Canadian history to force an end to a one-month strike by 30,000 public sector workers, Wayne Lucas, provincial head of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, called him "a reasonable boss." But in this larger struggle, he now hails Williams "100 per cent," and is even offering to contribute union support across the country. "We all got to stand shoulder to shoulder to see if we can fix this," says Lucas. "It's about our rightful place in Canada."

In his eighth-floor office, with its panoramic view of the city, Signal Hill and the Narrows, the premier raises an eyebrow when told about the union leader's comments. But he isn't he's claiming not to be surprised at the deep vein of emotion he has tapped into. "A deal is a deal, a promise is a promise," he says. "It's a real matter of integrity and pride for the people of this province. This is a defining moment."

He's confident, but his temper has an occasional frayed wire in trouble

Like most federal-provincial conflicts, it's about money. Williams campaigned on the slogan "No More Government," and he not necessarily compatible

promise of a new era in Ottawa-Newfoundland relations. His initial meetings with Martin were downright cozy, but the war quickly turned to vinegar. The feds are flush with cash, the province isn't (a wage freeze and dramatic budget cuts have hit the public service hard). Newfoundland's accumulated budget deficit for 2003-04, a figure that includes long-term liabilities like pension shortfalls, was \$940 million. Its cash deficit stands at \$113 million, and the net provincial debt at \$1.8 billion. Under the current revenue deal, the projected provincial deficit for the next year is \$122 million. Getting 100 per cent as Martin publicly promised—would perhaps double that amount, depending on the world's price. That's enough to balance the books, providing Ottawa doesn't reject \$605-million annual equalization contribution to claw back the windfall—the federal pot of

"Whenever you have the federal government talk about equalization, it means they're out to confuse everybody," says John Christie, the former federal finance minister. "It's the politicians, not a bunch of most complicated program you can



THE NEW NORMAL

Fed up with long waits, Canadians seem ready to take a flier on private care, writes ROBERT SHEPPARD



Godley, in the Fido: Creek clinic just as good as the public sister-but longer

A TIPPING POINT? It caught almost every one by surprise, the decision last month by St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver to contract out 947 publicly funded surgeries to three private clinics. But as a sign of the times—of the national mood, in fact—it was right up there with Ralph Klein's, or for that matter Gordon Campbell's, bellowing calls for health-care change. That's because St. Paul's is not some crinkly old institution. It is a UBC teaching hospital with 500 beds, 890 doctors and about 1,400 nurses. But for want of admin specialty nurses in its OR—

over a six-week period, a handful retired, two others returned home to Australia, one moved because of her husband's job—the hospital realized it just couldn't cope. So it turned to the private sector.

There was precedent for this. Back in May, when B.C. hospital workers went on strike, private specialty clinics were called in, with the Campbell government's blessing, to help clear a backlog of some 5,000 surgeries across the province. But when St. Paul's elected to contract out this new batch of cases, to deal

with what was essentially just an everyday crisis in the system, it was striking on disinterest of the growth and maturity of the for-profit operations. "All we've ever wanted was to be seen as partners in the system," says a delighted Dr. Mark Godley, medical director at Fido Creek Surgical Centre, one of the three picking up St. Paul's slack. Doctors don't exactly like Canadians want as well—more coordination to get rid of the long wait.

According to that seventh annual Health Care in Canada survey, a solid 93 per cent

of Canadians favour contracting out—that is, allowing medicine to pick up the tab for routine surgery like knee or hip operations at private clinics—to deal with a public system that can be painstakingly slow. Only in Atlantic Canada and Ontario is there more opposition than support. In Quebec and B.C., substantial numbers (45 per cent each province) are so tied at war they are willing to pay out of their own pockets for quick access—the two fiercest proponents that are equally opposed in the rest of the country.

Public mood can change, of course. In fact, this year's support for contracting out is down slightly from 57 per cent a year ago, possibly because the intervening federal election brought these emotive issues to the fore. But the political wind has a clear, with two key qualifiers—no user pay and no restoring to personal wealth to jump the queue—Canadians appear just as ready for Klein's vision of medicine as for Paul Maritz's. And why not? With no cumbersome labour rules and three cases of the Orla rubelesque days a week, a contracted 10 or 11 at night, Fido Creek can do 430 day or overnight surgeries a month, Godley says. What's more, he claims, his OR nurses are happier: the pay is better and the hours more predictable. For a government mired on moral conscience, this seems to be how the system should work.

BROADLY SPEAKING, Canadians are still very very about their health care system, though they are less pessimistic today than in previous years, according to the *Maclean's/Rogers Media poll*, conducted by Pollara Inc. But Canadians are also very much in restructuring mode. The shortage of doctors and nurses is top of almost everyone's mind. And there is huge interest in the kind of change Ontario is trying to get as doctors to buy (no-fee) requiring patients to register with a particular health-care provider, and requiring physicians to

THE POLLSTER WILL SEE YOU NOW

CONTRACTING OUT

Do you support or oppose allowing government to contract out delivery of publicly covered services to private clinics, for instance having medicine pay for knee surgery at a private clinic rather than a hospital?

Strongly support 19%

Support 34%

Oppose 23%

Strongly oppose 19%

FORCING CHANGE

Percentage of Canadians who would acquire patients to register with one family doctor

Require providers to work in teams 94%

Require professionals to work in locations they are needed 79%

CONFIDENCE

Would you say your confidence in the health system is rising, falling, or about the same?

Rising 2004 6% 5%

Falling 40% 52%

Same 42% 31%

FIXING THE SYSTEM

Percentage of Canadians who say

Fairly major repairs needed to health-care system 54%

Not enough doctors 38%

Not enough nurses 35%

Not enough health-care managers 21%

DEALING WITH SHORTFALLS

Percentage of Canadians who support

Restricting services 21%

Asking patients for copayments 34%

Imposing a health-care tax 41%

Finding money from other government services 60%

ACCESS

Percentage willing to pay out of their own pockets for quicker access

Atlantic Canada 37%

Quebec 49%

Ontario 46%

Practices 36%

B.C. 40%

Total 32%

Source: *Maclean's* poll, 10-15 November 2004. Sample size: 1,000. Margin of error: ±3.5%.

Survey by *Maclean's* and *Rogers Media*. Polling by *Pollara Inc.*

work on teams with nurse practitioners and other docs. In fact, public opinion is well ahead of that of the medical profession.

So what's ahead? At least two other health authorities, in the Interior of B.C. and in Calgary, are currently contracting out space in private clinics to deal with backlogs. Ontario and Manitoba, on the other hand, have just bought out a handful of private MRI clinics to bring them into the public system. The debate is far from over.

No one knows exactly how many private clinics there are in Canada. There are probably no more than a score that can offer a broad range of surgeries, maybe 50 or 60 more if you include those offering MRIs and other high-end diagnostic services. And while private clinics have grown in number and size over the past few years, they remain primarily limited to services not covered by medicine. (Laser surgery for prostate removal, for example, is a Fido Creek specialty.) They also treat people given legislative exemptions—such as injured employees on

worker compensation or the RCMP—which of course creates two classes of patients, one getting more timely care.

That's the basis of a grievance now before the Supreme Court—a case, some say, that could crack open medicine wide open. Known as *Chaoulli and Zelensky v. Quebec*, this is a five-year-old appeal of a decision involving a Montreal doctor and his patient who, upset at the long wait for hip replacement, went to Quebec in order to be paid for by private insurance. Not surprisingly, doctors of its members have weighed in, three provincial governments to large labour unions to a coalition of private clinics. It is hard to imagine the Supreme Court taking a peek at how to medicare when it decides this matter, likely early next year. But it may not have so. By March, the bills will be in from the St. Paul's experiment, and any public savings will be there for all to see. Couple that with the nationwide program in public opinion. Change is going to come. D

GIFT CARD? YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.

With all the hidden fees and restrictions, the ones who'll rejoice most this season are the retailers

HERE IS AN AMAZING STATISTIC: Canadians will spend roughly \$4 billion on gift cards this year. Here's another: as much as \$400 million of that plastic cash will end up forgotten in drawers, dropped on sidewalks and misplaced in old wallets. That's enough money to buy a year of groceries for every Canadian (and under 15 this season). Instead, the millions of gift cards to merchants' bottom lines. Is it any wonder retailers love gift cards?

Truth is, shoppers love them, too. Although estimates vary, John Phares, a marketing professor at Queen's University, projects that gift card sales will jump 63 per cent this year. Similar spikes have occurred in the U.S., where consumers spent US\$45 billion on

gift cards in 2003, and are expected to spend US\$17 billion this holiday season alone—making them the third most popular gift choice after apparel and CDs or DVDs. Not surprisingly, nearly all major retail chains, and more and more smaller stores, are handing cards those days, from Canadian Tire and HMV to public golf courses, butcher shops and pubs. "If you want to be a serious connoisseur in retail regalia, now, you have to get into the gift card game," says Thienkwan.

The reason isn't just their popularity. All though most cards given at birthday or holiday gifts are redeemed within a month of purchase, a U.S. survey found that last year up to 34 per cent of the card balances were unused—amounting to a whopping US\$4 billion in lost money for American retailers. Accordingly, the cards have given retailers a new way to spend: they've started to spend. Forty-seven per cent of Canadians who enter a store intending to use their cards end up leaving with more money than the cards' value, reports Kevin Tate, a manager with Toronto-based Monet Solutions Corp., Canada's largest processor of debit and credit card transactions. "It's phenomenal for retailers,"

IF YOU GIVE PLASTIC

- Watch for expiry dates: many gift cards (including Sears and Canadian Tire) become worthless if not used within periods ranging from six months to 18 years.
- Avoid inactivity fees: that's exactly what: effort to 34 months after card purchase, adding hefty balances.
- Why not cash? If you enter gift cards online, shopping and handling or service fees might apply.
- No return, please: it's done you know your loved one, so make the purchase at a store where you can return it.

he says. "People are using a \$50 gift card to make that \$50 purchase."

Monet recently launched a program to provide smaller Canadian businesses like local restaurants with their own gift cards. The trend has even gone beyond retail, with spas and some American doctors offering cards for cosmetic treatments and nursery toys. The growing competition is forcing companies to differentiate. Sears now sells gift cards

docking as picture frames, hoping the personal touch will attract buyers, while Shopper Drug Mart has launched a gift-card line in Ontario offering 47 products ranging from an \$89 digital satellite radio to a five-day round of a Yamaha Cruiser, worth \$449. "There has been a trend toward non-traditional gift giving," notes Murray Milbrink of Shoppers' Multiperson program.

While consumers have embraced gift cards—a recent study found that one in five Canadians are hoping for one and/or the true this year—consumer advocates warn both given and received to look out for strings. For starters, nearly all gift cards have expiry dates, with some becoming null and void after a year or two. Others have an activity fee if a store doesn't spend all the money on the card within a year, for instance, a monthly fee may kick in, decreasing the card's balance. As well, in most cases you can't cash out the card, and any refunds go back in credit on the plastic rather than as cash in your pocket. "During the holidays people often just look at the value and don't read the fine print," says Eleanor Friedland, a spokesperson with Consumer Council of Canada. "That might also have something to do with the use of the card."

As the cards' popularity grows, some consumer watchdogs are calling for regulation. There are no rules governing gift-card practices in Canada, but in the U.S. a few states have recently passed laws mandating explicit statements and denying fees that decrease the card's value. Setting a national backlist, some retailers—adding J.C. Penney and Barnes & Noble—have voluntarily dropped fees and restrictions on their cards.

Few expect concerns about fees to stop the gift-card juggernaut, however. Queen's prof Thienkwan thinks the next logical step in the evolution is what he calls a "regard card." "I don't want to be coming up with different gift cards," he says. "I already have too much plastic in my wallet. The business that develops one that can hold an infinite number of accounts will be the next thing."



FATE'S FAVOURITE FALL GUY

John Hunkin's penchant for risk has brought CIBC nothing but pain

IF LIFE WERE FAIR, John Hunkin would be beginning his victory lap now, soaking in the accolades and admiration of his colleagues. Under normal circumstances, the 59-year-old chief executive of Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce would have the next 12 months or so to focus on preparing his hand-picked successor to take over the reins. And if the firm had been kinder, he would be able to take pride in the knowledge that he'll be remembered as a CEO who led the bank to record profits, made it a boss fish player on Wall Street, and more than doubled its share price, outperforming bigger fish Royal Bank

of Canada and Toronto Dominion Bank.

But life isn't fair. CIBC's circumstances sure isn't normal. And fate has a nasty sense of humour, especially to John Hunkin.

With the recent appointment of Gerry McLaughlin as his No. 2 and her apparent, Hunkin has cleared up the often messy issue of succession and started the unofficial countdown to his departure. But rather than spending the final days of his tenure savoring his legacy as the proud instigator, he'll be trying to avoid to ensure a stain-free exit.

Despite his many accomplishments, Hunkin has spent much of the past three years apologizing and feigning off critics rather than building CIBC's business. Whether it was bad luck, bad judgment or bad timing, the result was the same: if he led a maelstrom in a thousand haystacks, Hunkin would not only find it, he'd manage to stab himself with it.

The disappointment of Hunkin's tenure is only deepened by the high hopes he carried into the job. He rose through the ranks of CIBC's investment banking arm and, in 1999, won a fierce competition for the CEO post. At the time, he was still banking on the glory of the bank's blockbuster deal with Global Crossing—one of the mid-2000s' most successful IPOs. CIBC had invested US\$40 million in the firm, becoming a partner and adviser to the firm, and pushed that into a US\$1.7-billion pay day. More importantly, the deal announced to the world that CIBC could hold its own on Wall Street with names like Goldman Sachs and Solomon Smith Barney.

Hunkin planned to use World Markets, the brokerage and investment bank he'd helped build, as a springboard into the U.S., led by his ace deal maker, David Kasse. The first major sign of trouble came in 2002, when Global Crossing collapsed amid allegations of improper accounting. CIBC was never employed in any wrongdoing, but was left holding \$207 million in bad loans. The bank's greatest asset had become an embarrassment, and it wouldn't be the last.

Right around the time Global Crossing was foundering, a focus on energy company by the bank began to take on an ominous tone. Soon the name would become synonymous with corporate sleaze, and CIBC would be dragged into the swamp with it. Enron bankruptcy investigators alleged CIBC won one of several banks that helped

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structure some of the shady transactions, which led to the energy dealer's death spiral. The bank paid \$80 million to settle charges related to the Enron fraud, and this month set aside another \$300 million to deal with further legal claims. But dollar figures can't begin to reflect the humiliating toll on the institution's precious image.

Every time a company blew up—Enron, Global Crossing, Adelphi, Telelogic—it seemed CIBC was in the path of the shrapnel, and loan losses mounted. To complicate matters, in the midst of all this financial market seemed sliding down, stock

prices were shelled, and the bank pulled the plug on America's electronic banking business—after making up \$700 million in losses. In 2002, CIBC reported its worst results in a decade. To name Hunkin and Kasse gave up their annual bonuses.

The following year, CIBC got tangled in yet another controversy: one of its business was accused of facilitating illegal trading in U.S. mutual funds. By then it was impossible not to wonder about the culture of ethics at CIBC. Did trouble follow the bank around, or did Hunkin's team court it?

To be sure, last year Hunkin stood before shareholders and accepted the blame. Remorse was his, he said, and he promised to remedy. He fired David Kasse and promised to reduce the bank's exposure to risky investments. But even in safety he accumulated CTV News revealed recently that CIBC had unwittingly been firing confidential bank records to a West Virginia newspaper for years. Adding insult to injury, CIBC's fourth-quarter profit fell 14 per cent. Less than a year after his last mess, Hunkin was back to apologizing.

Fresh off his latest pratfall, Hunkin is looking at McLaughlin as the CEO in waiting. The new guy is due to arrive in November to replace Hunkin's son-in-law, who is expected to resign. But Hunkin's own legacy is in tatters. Not one of that should come as a shock to anyone. He

turned risk and vowed to anyone, and he delivered both. But rather than finding CIBC to be a toy, he's become a reminder of why Canadian banks aren't cool, conservative CEOs aren't bank deal makers.

The banking giant that had not yet gone, or less, left in the job. Despite the strong share price, it's clear he won't be making gracefully into the sunset of his career. The best he can do now is sit and do nothing through the sale and hope that history will be kinder than fate has been.

Steve Mach's writing, "All Business," at www.machnews.ca/allbusiness.



CRACKING THE DAVINCICODE

It's not just the thrills, writes BRIAN BETHUNE. The novel's impact proves we're still fascinated by the story of Jesus—and by conspiracy theories.

The Last Supper is the focus of Orel's right-brain side job as Mary Magdalene?



IT ISN'T JUST AN AMERICAN NOVEL that can force the exhumation of a long-dead priest from a village cemetery in southeastern France. But the September ritual of Abbe Berger Sauniere (1852-1917) within a tourist-proof concrete grave is only one indication of the fact that *The Da Vinci Code* is a book like no other. Since it first exploded into popular consciousness 18 months ago, Dan Brown's thriller about a modern-day quest for the Holy Grail has become a worldwide megaphone. And fans have not been content to merely read it. Devotes have swarmed Europe the past two summers, nowhere making

their presence felt more strongly than in Sauniere's old parish of Rennes-le-Château.

The hamlet of about 150 souls isn't even mentioned in the novel, although it and the *Abbat*—regarded to have hidden a Grail treasure in the area—figure prominently in Brown's novella "The world has gone mad," Rennes Mayor Jean-François Thibaut told reporters. "They come here and scamp all over the place with no respect for anything or anyone. They set off

explosions and climb over the cemetery wall to dig up the dead. That's why I had to evacuate the village." Grail sites that are mentioned in *The Da Vinci Code* have had to cope with an influx of equally persistent, if better behaved, visitors. Some respond with silence in Paris's newly crowded Church of St. Sulpice, pastor Paul Roumanet simply posted a notice denouncing the book. Meanwhile, guides at Paris's Louvre Museum and

The book has brought international attention to the French village of Rennes-le-Château

Milan's Santa Maria delle Grazie church—homes, respectively, to Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* and *The Last Supper*—now have patrollers ready for those who want to see Brown's evidence for themselves.

The cause of all this pop culture buzz is a thriller that unfolds in breathless pace. Covering a single 24-hour period, *The Da Vinci Code* divides its 454 pages into 385 chapters that provide a cliff-hanging moment or a quibble to ponder every four pages or so. It opens with the last 15 minutes in the life of Jacques Sauniere, mortally wounded Louvre curator. Sauniere spends his final moments constructing a series of fiendishly complicated clues, in English no less, designed to lead Brown's hero (and no one else) to the Holy Grail. Soon, Robert Langdon, Harvard professor of religious symbolism, and Sauniere's granddaughter Sophie, a codebreaker as clever in deciphering as grapple with its encryption, are in hot pursuit—chased by richly fleshed French police, an albino killer monk and his secret master.

Seventeen million copies have been sold, about 500,000 of them in Canada. Our libraries are jammed with it—in Vancouver, 1,000 readers are chasing the city's print's 128 copies, including Chinese and Korean versions, while in Toronto, 6,000 people are lined up for one of 666 library copies. The Code is the highest-selling book ever from Random House of Canada, and it has sat on the *Maclean's* bestseller list for a record 75 weeks. Recently, in another first, the paperback illustrated edition joined the original as a bestseller. The Hollywood version,

Church leaders later deliberately malign as a prostitute, is really the incarnation of the feminine principle, the Christian version of a pagan goddess in a world much more woman-friendly than now. She becomes the true Holy Grail, as a proper understanding of the words will show: the Old French *Sargente* should not be separated after the "or" (like *diva* or *Holy Grail*), but after the "gi" (*longpoint* or *blood rope*).

FACT: It's not much of a leg to stand on, but no one can prove Jesus

and Mary Magdalene weren't married, and the supposition that early female disciples were prominent among Christ's followers is reasonable. In 564 CE an influential pope, Gregory I, did confirm Mary Magdalene with a sinful woman elsewhere mentioned in Scripture, thereby setting in motion later medieval legends about her. The Church's canon is correct in 1983. As for the royal bloodlines, the apostolic genealogy and the idea Christians did not think their emperor was divine—net a change.



c. 33-325 CE

CODE: Jesus and Mary Magdalene, both of royal Jewish blood, marry. After Jesus's death, his pregnant wife flees to safety in France. Mary Magdalene, who made

THE CODE VS. HISTORY

The 34 breathless hours covered in *The Da Vinci Code* take place against an enormous backdrop of 2,000 years of alternative Western history. None of it is original to Brown. As his plot requires, he dips into a rich store of wild conspiracy theories more than a century old and serious works from contemporary feminist scholars. All history vs. the official lore:



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directed by Ron Howard and starring Tom Hanks, starts filming in May. It adds up as an extraordinary influence for a consensus, if exciting, discussion through what's become known as "alternative" history and well-worn anti-Catholic myths.

If it's the novel's backstory, of course, that has generated the buzz and sparked the controversy. The Holy Grail is not the most familiar to millions, simultaneously real object (the cup Christ used at the Last Supper) and the mythic inspiration for some of Western civilization's greatest art, music and literature. Brown's Grail is, provocatively speaking, the honor of Mary Magdalene, documents that prove her marriage to Jesus Christ and trace their bloodline through the ages, and—finally—the true descent of Christ's humanity. Some of the couple's descendants become kings of France centuries afterwards; others are alive today. Symbolically, in the Code the Grail represents the "sacred feminine," an emblem half of human wisdom exemplified by virginity and Church Fatherhood. In the 4th century CE, to consolidate their power over the faithful, clerics declared—for the first time—that Jesus was God. Christianity also violently suppressed records of Jesus's family life and of the leadership role he gave (and other women) played in the early Church.

The male clergy never entirely succeeded in this, according to *The Da Vinci Code*. The shadowy Priory of Zion has continued to guard the Grail and Jesus's surviving bloodline. Sometimes it has been led by Christ's descendants, in others by such towering intellectual figures as

Many scientists and Christ by Alexander Brown married with kids



Isaac Newton or Leonardo da Vinci. The latter blatantly seized inspirations with clues for those who have eyes to see. But he wasn't alone. All around us great artists have encoded the sacred feminine in everything from architecture to Mozart's *Missa Solenne*. Recovering this feminine principle, many Code

discernants believe—that is, proving the true Grail story—will bring healing to a violent, testosterone-riddled world.

Bygging enough, but on occasion, this alternative version of Western history opens out something weird enough to raise the suspicion that *The Da Vinci Code* is actually a parody, in itself a joke on our contemporary

love of conspiracy theories and distrust of established institutions. How else to explain Brown's tribute to *Wink* Diary as a man who "made his quest for life's work to pan on the Grail story"? *The Life Mosaic* is "a tribute to a" spellbinding tapestry of spiritual symbols so open to really goddess-related that they could not be coincidence." (Remarkable

that, given the film was made 23 years after Linda White's death.)

In truth, even if Brown's sincerity, like his group of fans, is not quite rock-solid, his collages of facts are surely not weak. *The Da Vinci Code* for a laugh. Its book has connected with this spirit of the times in a way that speaks volumes about us and our world. Its success has opened an entire cottage industry of debunks, mostly the work of anti-Catholic publishers in the U.S. Given the incontestable success of Brown's historical literacy, the attacks are tied like piling on. Yet the battle of the Code vs. the debunkers has had as discernible effect on the book's popularity.

Some of Brown's errors are actually deliberate distortions, necessary in his way. It's simply wrong, and easily disproved, to write that Christians thought Jesus an ordinary mortal and the Council of Nicaea in 325 CE. What the bishops assembled there decided was that Christ was divine—in what way God and man mingled in him. A handful thought Jesus's divinity was somehow different from that of God the Father; they were overwhelmingly corrected. Hence those pariahs of the Nicene Creed, the only theologians and orthodoxes these days "true God of true God, begotten, not made, of one substance with the Father."

When he errs, Brown exhibits a Jewish attention to detail, notably in his plot parallels but in other word games. Layman canon Scripture is named after the Abbe of Béziers in Châlons, while the implausible name the author gives

Grail fanatic Leigh Tebbing is a tribute to Richard Leach and Michael Bregman (Tebbing is an anagram of Bregman). The main authors of 1982's *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, a primary source for the Code's backstory, don't seem to have been notified by the gossamer-in-October, Leigh and Bregman need Brown's publisher for plagiarists.

That core is not viable elsewhere. Pettevian in his sides, as which Brown tries to even his ledger of historical support without disrupting his plot's narrow pacing, becomes across as just another guy who believes everything he ever read on the Web. Some

THE CODE'S
author comes across as just another guy who believes everything he ever read on the Web

revelations are merely enticing or, on occasion, amusing. With a little goodwill, readers can accept that Brown doesn't know what's in the Dead Sea Scrolls or even the difference between the 4th century and the 40s. But at times his allegiances, to give it the most charitable explanation, leads him into fantasies that top-deep into ancient wells of suspicion and bigotry.

Consider Brown's angle perspective: renaissance of the with cross that lasted from the 15th to the 18th centuries—part of his description of the Church's "descent and

Wile in Brown "in rapid fire use cases on Brown writes that the Catholic Inquisition deemed to



themselves assume the knights grew rich by using them to blackmail the papacy.

FACT: In the current film *Medieval* Previews, the Templars discover a vast haul of gold (which eventually finds its way into the hands of George Washington and, later, Nicolas Cage). Equally believable.

Full of the Templars
CODE: In 1187, Saladin and the Templars, Pope Clement IV sends word orders to the troops across Europe, to be opened simultaneously on Fri., Oct. 13 (which is why Friday the

4th century

CODE Pagan Roman Emperor Constantine decides to use Christianity to unite his empire. Meeting a divinity based religion like the pagans he knew, Constantine calls the Council of Nicaea in 325 CE and commissions a new Bible, throwing out any of the 80 or so gospels extant that tell the whole truth about Jesus (only Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are left). Embroiled gospels are banned and burned, almost bringing the true story for all time. Women-hating demagogues gain the last word.



denying Jesus's marriage and denying the sacred feminine right out of Christianity.

FACT What 80 gospels? Long before Nicaea, today's four Gospels were the most authoritative books

in the faith, far from denying Christ's humanity, they tell how he suffered, died and was buried.

After Nicaea

CODE Jesus's descendants marry into the Merovingian family and become the famous long-haired kings of France (406 to 758 CE). Ever after they're deposed—and supposedly exterminated—by a Church-backed conspiracy, secret descendants survive.

FACT The Merovingians have always fascinated conspiracy theorists. Those who believe they were

the descendants of extraterrestrials from the star Sirius take the Code theorists less sober.

The First Crusade 1095

CODE The Church launches it, in part at least, to find and destroy records in the Holy Land pertaining to Jesus's family and his true mission. Dehoused to the pain, one Crusade leader, Godfrey de Bouillon, is a secret descendant of Jesus.

FACT The Crusades' complex mix of motives did not include archaeological research.



The Priory of Zion and the Knights Templar

CODE After conquering Jerusalem in 1099, Godfrey founds the Priory to protect his family secret. The Priory, which keeps to the shadows, creates a public military wing, the Templars, in 1118.

FACT The Templars are certainly known to history, as well as to seemingly every esoteric theory ever concocted, but the Priory was invented by a shady Frenchman named Pierre Plantard in 1956. An old friend, one of the founding members, told the BBC in 1996 that Plantard "always had a great imagination."

The Rise of the Templars

CODE After secret excavations under the Jerusalem Temple, the knights find something of enormous value. Back in Europe, it

solidified their power and wealth overnight. Grail enthusiasts are split on whether the find was treasure or Grail documents, or both. The Code doesn't commit itself. If it was the documents alone,

be witches "all female scholars, priestesses, gypsies, mystics, nature lovers, lush path crones" that "a also targeted midwives who eased the pain of childbirth because it was dangerously necessary that women suffer (the legacy of Eve and the apple), and that the Church "burned at the stake an astounding five million women." No, no, no, no, and, good God, no!

Brown's manner unsurprising, if only because it's ours by a factor of 100. Modern scholars who have pored over records of witch cases—there was not the Dark Ages but early modern Europe, a culture as barbaric as ours—have found about 110,000 trials. The conviction rate was around half, meaning that 50,000 to 60,000 women and men—up to a quarter of convicted witches were male—were viciously hunted, strangled before being burnt at the stake, usually burnt alive, or otherwise hideously done to death. True, 50,000 is not a term of religious hysteria; it's still 50,000 too many. Just to the handful of people—mostly day-care operators in places like Martineville, Sask. and Martineville, Calif.—who have had their lives destroyed by modern secular witch hunts for satanic child abusers is a handful too many.

So forget the numbers. It's the wholly Catholic nature of Brown's book that's disturbing. (Talk about plugging in: the Roman Catholic Church has enough real-time to answer *Salmon, Man*, size of the English-speaking world's last great witch hunt, saw the judicial murder of 13 women and seven others forgotten men.

15th is now thought unlikely. Countless knights were swept up, tortured and burned at the stake. But money escape capture and go underground—they influence world events to this day. And the previous documents, held by the secret Priory, studied the papal grasp.

FACT Crucifixion on Good Friday, 13 at the anatomy table. Super—there are my Friday the 13th was a scary day long before 1900. As for Church legends (skinned across Europe, the pope could only dream) Clewett was wandering



The devil in St. Salvo's, where the alleged killer must begin his final quest

In 1692, Brown, a graduate of Massachusetts' Amherst College, presciently knows that Salem was a Puritan colony, not a stronghold of the Spanish Inquisition.

The witch craze reached its peak between 1550 and 1650 during the vicious religious wars of the Reformation era. Areas where the Catholic Church was strong were largely free of it—England killed only four witches in three centuries. But in Germany, epicentre of the sectarian struggle, 26,000 witches died in one of centuries' worst carnage. Most of them were executed by local secular courts,

victims of the prejudices of their neighbours. Catholic and Protestant alike. The other main witch-hunting countries were France and Switzerland, similarly flamed by religion. For a novel whose dramatic frequently discomfited the evils of the big lie, Brown's witch burning is more than a bit much. He likes his politics chiefly complicated and his history accurate.

So why have these mistakes and falsehoods not made a dent in *The Da Vinci Code's* unstoppable popularity? In part, it's because the bad history isn't noticeable in the exciting plot twists; most readers are probably unaware of it, and many wouldn't care if they were. Re-focus on Catholicism, with its centuries-old roots in the English-speaking world, remains among the most intolerant of prejudices. Critics of the official Church—some of them lay Catholics—see it out of step with the modern world in its secrecy and authoritarianism, and in its stance on abortion, birth control, homosexuality and the role of women. It's almost universally considered to have been even more oppressive in the past. And, crucially, in the U.S., public opinion has also been altered by the pop culture scandal in the American church. In short, if a writer wants to estimate that Roman Catholics will be to fully occupied in burning alive an assortment of good-guy-proto-Protestants, cunning scientists and

the story be told via the arts—the better to have it seep into our cultural DNA—a working.

FACT The Priory (remember *Priory*?) wasn't led by an artistic elite, but by a priestly elite, because the Priory never existed. Nonetheless, the health process of getting the story out through artistic works strikes a chord. Neat—hypnotic versions get

lighted out of bookstores. The Da Vinci Code has sold 17 million copies. A Gold postcard says that letting



about Providence at the time, looking after a generalist base. He was politically under the thumb of the French king, the man who actually killed the sealed orders to his officers in Alsace. And the Knights Templar are long gone

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upper, goddess worshiping women among their millions of readers won't blink.

And that's where *The Da Vinci Code* does most neatly into the current climate of opinion (Brown, I should be noted, has nothing at all to say about Protestantism or Eastern Orthodoxy). His age-old war is fought between two medieval survivors, the Priory and the Church.) The novel takes up the polemic second more than once. In one key passage a church of sins, in effect, who are you going to believe—me, or a bunch of hypocritical clerics who just had their latest cover up exposed? The riposte works well when Brown addresses Christianity's early days, where democracy and order were scarce. It's his characters and their unshared experts against the voices of tradition. And the burden of proof, for many of his readers, and increasingly for society at large, seems

opunged by those with a vested interest. So who are you going to believe?

Thus tipping point between the faith of our fathers and one that could restore more closely with our current yearnings is at its sharpest with Brown's ultimate proof—Leonardo's Last Supper. You can look at it, one of the masterpieces of Western art, and see what onlookers have seen for five centuries. On Christ's right-hand side, there because he was the disciple Jesus loved best, is John, pointed out as a reference young man because he was the youngest of the 12 apostles and that was the style for portraying beardless youths. (And because Leonardo liked to surround himself with beautiful young men.) John, sitting toward Peter to discuss what Christ has just said: one of those present would be there.

Or you can look at Leonardo's work and see Mary Magdalene, the metaphorical incarnation of the sacred feminine, at the right-hand side of her husband, Jesus, being threatened by Peter, anti-masculine. Once you see her there, Harvard man Langdon enthusiastically tells Sophie, you can see the sacred feminine everywhere: in painting and music; in Snow White and Sleeping Beauty; and in the north-lit interiors of medieval churches, the work of master masons who were always in on the secret. (Obviously they avoided clerical suspicion by throwing up all those unbearably phallic spires.)

When the world turns, it turns on crisis of authority. Catholic sociologist and literary critic G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936), who watched the crumbling of Christianity in his own time, is said to have remarked: "When men stop believing in God, they don't then believe in nothing, they believe in anything." Wrong, and true enough, but no defense for tradition. The last Roman priest of Jupiter could have and as much as he spoke, amidst the wreckage of his culture, people worshipping a crucified criminal.

The Da Vinci Code is just a novel after all, and a badly written one, even streamer one at that. But its amazing success is not based on the thriller element alone—the sheer number of copies sold alone is a cultural storm in the wind. For more readers it marks their first encounter with ideas and themes that have hovered on the edge of mainstream Christianity for years. And many of them, Christian or not, clearly like what they see. ■

"Sure to be the steamiest non-fiction book of the Christmas season. A helluva read."

Frank Magazine



PETER C. NEWMAN

HERE BE DRAGONS
TELLING TALES OF PEOPLE, PASSION AND POWER

"It is one of the delights of the book to watch Newman stalk, seduce, extort, trick, and beguile those who had set their teeth against having anything to do with him."

Ree Murphy, *Globe and Mail*



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FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

Senior Editor David Shields has left to attend final family duties before heading to his permanent home.

DON'T DISS SANTA

He's the guy who reminds us what's really important

CYNICS WILL SNICKER but I don't care. I believe in Santa Claus, despite the empirical evidence against him. I even like some of the versions you see on film or in shopping malls. The Kris Kringle who posed the original *Miracle on 34th Street*, for instance, fits me with sheer every time he takes his cue to Macy's meddling pseudo-psychologist. Right on, North Pole justice, I say. And I am beholden to the department-store Santa who hauled my first-born's first-ever request years ago. Then two, my son sat sweetly on the big guy's knee, not completely comfortable with a stranger. But he was curious about what he wanted for Christmas when Santa asked, "More, please," my boy declared. The miracle wasn't that we had turkey for Christmas dinner a few weeks later. It was that Santa didn't laugh out loud and hear the boy's feelings.

Bringing that up because playing Santa has become a tradition tale. Dangerous, even. There was a report out of Illinois that a 64-year-old brother dressed as a fairy was trying to fill a local Santa's toy bag with explosives. It turned out to be a hoax, but as they say, it's the thought that counts, and I imagine the police. Millions of kids are counting on just the right present. Brothers and sisters are clamoring for a Santa Claus Holly to give lack-of-wood markets a boost, as if Santa had the power to fix Nature's books. Then there are the dentists, like Rev. Rulon Ross, a priest at St. Paul's Catholic in Santa Fe Springs, Calif., licensing a bunch of wandering parents to guide their students on "the true meaning" of Christmas (his word), he repeatedly told the kids there was no Santa. Challenged by one spirit who pointed out that someone



always ate the milk and cookies left out on Christmas Eve, the priest said the children were just silly. Nick. This meaning of Christmas? I think not.

Santa gets blamed for the excesses of the season, from the forced cheer of madmen corporate henchmen to the unbridled commercialism of Christmas. I'm guessing the criticism leveled by the same discerning folks who stood in line to buy *Pet Rules* and *Tidde Me* films in a yuletide square. People want someone to blame for the dogma (and batteries not included) they got in 1977, or for the incompatible assembly conveniences that accompanied their place. Christmas trees. Maybe they hold Santa responsible for *The Santa Clause* and *A Very Noisy Christmas* and the other seasonal sleep that clogs the arteries like bad cholesterol.

Peel off the gaudy wrapping and Santa is not, as many seem to think, an invention of the Coca-Cola Co.'s marketing department. He's just a great idea. He represents a tradition of gift giving that prompts us to think hard about other people and what they'll like to have, and then go out and get it for them. And it's not just for loved ones. At

In *Miracle on 34th Street*, Kris Kringle, aka Santa Claus, delivers Christmas to a frame of mind

my kids' schools, where their classmates come in various religious flavors, they raise funds to buy gifts for disadvantaged children around the city. The age Christmas don't opt out of contributing. Santa has been

joyfully co-opted by just about everyone in our blended society. Many may not adhere to the religious aspects of the holiday, but they embrace the exchange of gifts and looking out for the needy at year for some is a pretty blank name of wine. It's a nice denominational celebration. Thanks to Santa.

He isn't completely selfless. My kids, being past believing that render easily and that a portly guy can fit down the chimney, will compile lists of things they'd like to find under the tree on Dec. 25. I have a Christmas wish or two myself. But the old saw about giving being more fun than receiving really is true, especially when the ripping and tearing and the smiles remain. That alone excuses all the excesses of the season. In fact, it wouldn't hurt to save a little of that spirit for the other 364 days of the year. As Kris Kringle said in *Miracle*, "Christmas isn't just a day, it's a frame of mind."



UNFORTUNATELY, SHE'S ALREADY HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

For those who are vision and spiritual, but some who are not, and others, I think I have a better idea. Every day is a day to give. This season alone, The Salvation Army will give a 1,500 daily in sheltering every child and adult who needs it. For more information, please visit a Salvation Army center or call 1-800-255-2555. The Salvation Army is a Christian organization that provides social services.

Call 1 800 SAL-ARMY (1 800 255 2555) or donate online at salvationarmy.org

and the Canadian membership is flat. In fact, established environmental organizations in general have fallen out of favour. "The youth who fought for the whales are now in their 40s and 50s and live with health issues, with 60 per cent donating to health organizations. Only five per cent of Canadians give to the environment. As for younger people, Veronica D. Cade, a youth research and marketing firm, has found that while those under 35 claim the environment is among their top three concerns, a mere two per cent of those donors go to support the cause. The prospect of the shifting has been

lifted next year has drawn fire from "Why don't environmental groups reach far beyond environmental weapons?" "We wear our hearts as our dovens," says Matthew Sherrington, head of fundraising for Greenpeace in the U.S. "If someone doesn't like our tactics, then we've met the organization for that person. We can't change to suit the times. People will see through you."

Marketing experts agree just the opposite: you must change, because the people you rely on for donations change. Judith Nichols, a marketing consultant to nonprofits, notes that in 10 years only four per

cent of donors will be from the private sector, and subsequently in the 20-to-35 age bracket will start moving into middle age, becoming charities' bread and butter. "A lot of the traditional organizations are putting blinders on" in not pitching to younger donors, she says. "It'll be a crisis."

Nichols admits tapping youth is a challenge for charities. As she tells her clients, the under-35s are extremely media-savvy and more cynical than their parents. They don't respond to marketing messages that make grand claims of saving the world, and instead want proof that their contribution

helps you can adopt just about anything—a U.S. soldier in Iraq (Adopt-A-Soldier), a health practitioner (Adopt-A-Nurse), even, for \$10,000, a run (Secret Heart Beneficence Foundation), which also gets you a nan doll.

CHARITABLE CONSUMPTION

Research shows that shoppers, especially youth, are more apt to buy from companies that promise to share the money with charities—even if the charities' slice is thin. Many retailers and manufacturers now sign themselves with not-for-profits, from McDonald's outlays' community outreach to Starbucks' support for literacy. "When Ford found out they had a higher percentage of female customers than was first thought, they became a huge sponsor of breast cancer research," says Joe Marocco, author of *Green Marketing*.

SMALL ENCOURAGEMENTS

Don't have the millions it'd cost to get your name on an arena or a hospital wing? No worries: organizations have been breaking patronage options with an eye to tapping shallower pockets. You can now endow everything from auditorium bricks to classroom seats to individual library books.

AUCTION ROMANCE

They're Auction for America raised about \$567 million for Sept. 11 victims' families, and on-line charity auctions crowded from there.

Many critics have jumped on board, donating the likes of dresses worn to galas. "Gisela just cleaned out her closet last month and put everything online for her Angel Network," says relay spokesperson Alexandra Brown. Of course, such initiatives are easily equated to the absurd. Earlier this month, a staple signed by Penn Wilson sold in a Web charity auction for US\$4.30. JOHN ISTRIN



THE JOYS OF GIVING

Charities get creative in offering donors something in return

BEAUTY TOURS

Many not-for-profits are giving donors an opportunity to visit their money at work by sponsoring trips to jobs, conferences and eco sites they support all over the world. Global Heritage Fund, which preserves archaeological sites, offers its biggest donors two day hikes through Mayan ruins, followed by helicopter flights back. Tide Canada has sent supporters on a tour of wild salmon spawning sites, while the Nature Conservancy of Canada recently began taking its patrons on field trips to watch whales on the East Coast and

endangered Pileated Woodpeckers in the Adirondacks. As Lynne Glick, the group's national director of development, puts it: "You can talk to people all you want and show them beautiful pictures, but unless they get out there, they just don't get it."

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not making an impact. Sophisticated design and quirky humour also go a long way to enticing them. The problem is, there's a generation gap between those who run many charitable non-profits and those they should be targeting. "The World War II generation knows what it takes for them to give," says Nichols. "They don't see why this younger generation has to be coddled." An important, charitable work that older marketing will drive away their core, older audience. Despite such reservations, some charity fundraisers are making changes. The United Way of Greater Toronto, for one, has created a

"A LOT of traditional charities are putting blinders on in not pitching to younger donors. It'll be a crisis."

subsidiary called The GenNew Cabinet, which is mainly 25- to 35-year-olds charged with targeting their peers. This year, the group launched funky events as the Models Runway-inspired Masquerade fundraiser and the first Great Neighbourhood Race, loosely based on the reality show *The Amazing Race*. GenNew also runs a lunchtime series that includes speakers who had personally benefited from United Way support.

That new age is even cancer that leads the way with unassuming ideas. Backthink, a breast cancer charity launched four years ago, before the cause became fashionable, specifically targets a younger crowd using techniques that may well offend their parents. One TV commercial features a man with braces wearing a wet T-shirt, and the voice-over: "If men had braces, they'd really appreciate them." The group also pushes the envelope of design, with handbags printed in orange and plastic and relying more on visuals than flashy text. "A lot of materials for breast cancer awareness were very traditional in how they looked," says Alison Gordon, Backthink's head of marketing. "But the younger demographic is used to a certain level of design."

It's also used to a certain level of style. Hence the philosophical T-shirts Backthink will reject the oversized pajamas look in favour of sexy, trendier styles with a bit of eye on the street. The group has sold almost 20,000 since introducing them in May, raising more

than \$250,000. Backthink also hosts fashion shows, auctions and other hip events at posh urban clubs, keeping ticket prices within the \$60 range. "The younger generation was looking to support the cause in ways they could afford," says Gordon, "not a \$300 sit-down dinner or a golf tournament."

Cool events, the merchandise and low prices have the further benefit of helping to attract the most elusive group among potential givers: those in their teens and early 20s. According to Nichols, this crowd tends to be more like their grandparents than their parents—quite unimpressed, positively predisposed to companies and brands, and willing to work for change within the system. And they're very susceptible to trends. Not surprisingly, when Lance Armstrong's cancer foundation partnered with Nike to sell USA yellow wristbands, with proceeds going to the foundation, youth embraced the product with an enthusiasm. Twenty million bracelets have been sold so far, and they've become ubiquitous on American college campuses. Other charities and retailers soon joined on the bandwagon. Clothing chain American Eagle Outfitters now peddles bracelets in four colours linked to different charity partners. Even the stodgy Salvation Army is turning to fashion to update its image. In Holland, it has launched a line of "message" clothes made from domestic items.

Lapierre of the CAS knows AIDS causes can't afford to be left behind. So his organization will be using a portion of the first government funding increase it has seen in a decade to launch a new marketing campaign. A partnership with MuchMusic and MusiquePlus TV channels, it will aim to raise AIDS awareness from teens, a group that's grossly misinformed about the disease. According to a recent Council of Ministers of Education survey, for example, two-thirds of grade 7 students believe there's a cure for AIDS. To Lapierre, such findings were a reminder that, amid all the rivalry for donations and talk of marketing strategies and demographics, donors' success can't be measured just by dollars raised, but by progress in changing attitudes. And while he recognizes that it's critical to effectively sell the message, Lapierre says some of the most modest success has been making him uncomfortable. "I really don't want to compete with other worthy causes," he says. "At the end of the day, I just want to know that maybe I've made a difference in someone's life." ■

WHO WILL BE THE
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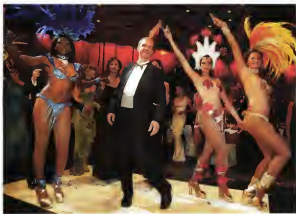
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BATTLE OF THE BALLS

As fundraising galas multiply, the rich and the hip have never had it so good

IN THE BEGINNING, circa 1966, there was the Brazilian Carnival Ball. Originally a church-basement party for homestead Brazilians who longed to warm up the Toronto winter, it grew into a prominent charity fundraiser by the late 1980s. "We were having to scratch-fun," founder Anna Maria da Silva says with a conspiratorial smile. "we did gilly." She couldn't have imagined that her party—today a standard venue for the charity ball circuit—would inspire dozens of copycat events in Toronto and across Canada, from glitz fests like Victoria's Victoria's Gala and Vancouver Ball in Toronto to funky fashion affairs and more informal new

animals—slipping after the same deep pocket crowd and generating intense rivalry.

Debauched charity defies no, of course, discover the charity ball, she's been around for well over a century, originally as an offshoot of British society's debaucherous ball. But they did find that, with its splashy, sexy extravagance, a ball could draw a lot of

attention, and that, in turn, attracted corporate sponsors—along with their big bucks. While there's no official tally of Canada's fundraising galas, the consensus is that there are now more

The champagne fountain ball raises millions each year—and you too can drink.

than ever. "There used to be one major gala a month in Toronto," says Harold Zadeh, publisher of *Luxury* magazine, who makes a point of attending as many as he can. "Now there are two every weekend."

In Vancouver, balls have become part of the fundraising landscape alongside golf tournaments and marathons. In Calgary, the high season for charity events lands in the fall, when it's not uncommon to see eight per weekend, says event producer Stephen Carter. "It's super-competitive," he says. "Those who don't have defined target market with clear objectives and a solid volunteer corps are not going to make it."

It seems there's a charity ball for each



slice and every dice of society. There are hospital balls and balls to battle diseases, such as the Canadian Cancer Society's 10th-11th DuPont Ball, a Montreal restaurant that last spring counted Brian and Milla Melonny, and Justin Trudeau, with girlfriend Sophie Grégoire among the dance floor crowd. There are gala target-specific communities, such as the Dragon Ball, aimed at Toronto's Chinese population, and the Powerball for the Asian-Pacific area. Different religions are tapped for their own look to Jews, while Catholics flock to the Cardinal's Dinner.

The fashion world creates some of the most anticipated affairs. Redy Scher of AIDS-Calgary Awareness Association, which runs the Calgary Cancer Ball and fashion show, says, "This is an event where you cause the blue-haired lady in pearls standing next to a young queen and they are talking over a martini."

Then there are industry-specific balls, such as the Yvon-Landry Foundation gala aimed

mainly by people from the automotive industry (Wills and Ben were there, too). Galas designed specifically for a younger crowd are among the newest events crowding the social calendar. Rethink Breast Cancer is a charity that aims, in both its awareness campaigns and fundraising efforts, at the Prada generation. "The traditional, 1,000-person sit-down dinner is not how we want to do it," says Alison Gordon, the group's marketing director. In June, the charity hosted 700 at a Bollywood-themed evening at Toronto's posh C Lounge. "We told people, 'We hold cocktails and show some tins,'" Gordon says. Along

with wine there, as was an artist who painted her hair on guests' hands and feet. And the 600 ticket price opened up to a younger, poorer crowd.

But like the Brazilian Ball, Rethink is beginning to see others rising within its chosen demographic. The Masquerade Ball, for example, which raises money for United Way, drew a solid crowd of urban hipsters in late October. "Last year, when we started, there were not a lot of breast cancer events targeting the younger demographic," says Gordon. "Now, four years later, you're seeing a lot of creative fundraising events."

With the landscape so crowded, even the established galas are feeling the pinch. In Toronto, it's become tough to get a date on the social calendar, says Sheelagh Johnson, executive director of the Children's Aid Foundation, which held the Teddy Bear Affair, a \$700-a-table soiree for 1,000 on the weekend of the U.S. Thanksgiving. "This was not our preferred date," Johnson says. But a year ago, when the foundation booked its spot, that was the only night available at its chosen venue.

Even the extravagant Brazilian Ball, which

is now held in the spring, has been affected by the competition. "We're all going after the same people. Ticket sales are down this year," says John Kerpman, the ball's long-standing executive director—although founder de Souza insists, "We always sell out."

The reason the Brazilian Ball will still out, even at \$12,000 for a table at the back of the room, is that de Souza and her team of volunteers have unbreakable contacts among Corporate Canada. Tony Zell, Bay Street's prominent deal maker, and his wife Shari are the 2005 honorary chairs. "Who's important is to have the right people involved," says Linda Goldsack, the ball's co-chair, "people who can make phone calls, who can make tables to colleagues at \$60,000 each."

To draw the corporations that buy the pricey tickets, top-grade gals are getting more elaborate—and expensive. "It's important to deliver something for the donors," says Daniela Trella, executive director of Reach for the Rainbow, a charity that helps disabled kids go to summer camp and that last June more than hosted the Crystal Ball. Grants—1,600 of them, at \$600 a pop—were greeted with flutes of champagne, entertained by jugglers and mimers, and surrounded by strobing maracas in boats—and that was before the five-course dinner and dancing in '70s sensuous mood. Sweet & Sour. That a now standard feast at the high end of the circuit, the kind of evening corporate big wigs can view as an investment in advertising dinner.

Trella recognizes that people who pay to attend her gala aren't simply being altruistic. One of the Crystal Ball's hallmarks is its creative—and expensive—live and silent auction. This year, more than 200 items donated by corporate sponsors were in display, including leather Roche-Bobois furniture, an outdoor luxury grill kitchen and a \$125,000 inflatable Zodiac boat. Top prices included a \$34,000 Scotch golf getaway and several shiny BMWs. For corporate donors, Trella says, the decision to support a charity is as much a PR choice as a philanthropic one, so the strategic marketing opportunities—be it the elaborate display and a glossy magazine showcasing the donations. "We're always looking for ways to get donors involved so they get publicity and marketing, as well as a philanthropic push," she says. And, of course, it's all for a good cause. ■

With files from Bruce Bergman and Greg MacQueen



INNOCENCE BETRAYED

Seeing a trusted teacher being convicted of abuse raises a myriad of emotions

WHEN I WAS 12, Doug Brown took me and 33 other students on a life-changing school trip to England. He brought us to Salisbury Cathedral, where we climbed the spire; to the Grosvenor Gardens, where we stood with one foot in each hemisphere; and he took us kayaking on a river in the Welsh countryside. But most importantly, he instilled in me a

passion for travel and adventure. Who knew that 20 years later, I'd be sitting in courtrooms watching as Mr. Brown was found guilty of nine counts of indecent assault involving me

and other students during the 1970s and early '80s at Upper Canada College. Brown, who will be sentenced on Dec. 15, is the first among a group of my former

private-school teachers to be tried on sexual misconduct charges. Also embroiled in this high-profile sex-abuse scandal is my music and math teacher, Herb Sommerfeld, my science teacher, Lance Cook, and my English teacher, Tony Hearn—whose name is being used because he has since died. The thought that I may have been taught by pedophiles is unsettling, but not shocking. When I was

a student I shared the jokes and inside wiring in the school's corridors. But at that age, it's tough to tell which teachers have any touch to them. And besides, I went to school in an era when, in spite of the whisper, teachers were still to be trusted.

What about stories like this done for kids, parents and the school system? Gone are the days of having full confidence when you hand your child over to authority figures. It's a shame for the 99.9 per cent of teachers who are outstanding citizens, but now have no recourse. It's also a shame for the kids, who can't quite trust their instructors. For sure, I never had an inappropriate incident with any of my teachers. In fact, I credit them with only providing positive educational experiences—whether it be Mr. Sommerfeld encouraging me to learn Haydn on piano, Mr. Cook helping me to build a robot, or Mr. Hearn introducing me to the work of George Orwell.

Since the allegations became public three years ago, Mr. Brown has been placed under the microscope. And while the stories have been devastating, many also touch on what made him so popular. He was a charismatic teacher in a school of conservative thinkers. And he wore jeans to class when

BROWN is the first among a group of my private-school teachers to be brought to trial on sex-abuse charges

every other teacher wore a suit—something I admired as a uniform-busting 12-year-old, whose shirttails were perpetually hanging out of his grey dress pants.

Mr. Brown is also responsible for suggesting my first photography project (something I've since made into a career). Before our trip to England, he held a photo workshop and competition to make sure all his students would be able to capture their memories on film. A photo of my mom's hibiscus earned me a top prize—a camera and film. But more importantly, it provided a huge self-esteem boost, since the shelves in my room lacked the vibrant trophies that most of the kids at UCC seemed to lack.

Mr. Brown taught me about experiencing things first-hand. So, in October, I went to hear the verdict in his case. The only other

time I'd been to the Ontario Court of Justice was for a field trip in the '90s. But this time, I wasn't wearing a uniform and was interested in the subject.

Mr. Brown appeared, and even though two decades had passed since I'd last seen him, he looked very much the same. He still had a shyness about himself, but he'd upgraded his glasses from the John Lennon circular variety to a more refined rectangular style. The biggest difference is that he's now 56, angry and unemployed. I feel a great deal of sympathy for his victims, but a small part of me feels sad for Mr. Brown. He had a quest for life and, before I learned the truth about him, was the type of guy I would have liked to have had a coffee with and shown my photography to all these years later.

Listening to Justice Harry LaForme's verdict was like a roller-coaster ride. The case was complicated, since a great deal involved childhood memories from 25 years ago, while key witnesses such as headmaster Richard Howard had jumped away and the drama moments where the abuse occurred no longer exist. I taught high school five years ago and can hardly remember lessons or events that happened with my students. So I wondered how Mr. Brown was able to remember exact details of incidents from the 1970s. And how free from distraction were his and the plaintiff's recollections?

In past 33 minutes, a guilty verdict ended three years of questions. It made me think back to my days in class. When we made hand, Mr. Brown would require us to write an essay that he called a "Willy Walrus." Although decided by students, a "Willy" at least offered an educational and progressive twist to a detention. Willy was the class mascot. The length of the piece varied from 50 words to several hundred, depending on the severity of the offence. And the story had to involve a character named Willy Walrus. Now, the man who assigned us that punishment will undergo his own lively jail time.

Mr. Brown's trial was only the beginning. The cases involving Mr. Sommerfeld, Mr. Hearn and Mr. Cook will probably play out during the next couple of years, and I'll follow the proceedings closely. It's inevitable to think that people like this in such high regard may not have been who I thought they were. Pictures from that school trip will never look the same.

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ROGERS
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COMING IN FROM THE COLD

At Whistler's film festival, there's fresh hope for Canadian movies



IT'S ONE OF THE MOST unforgettable scenes in Canadian cinema as a steam locomotive rumbles a mountain course, belching a huge column of black smoke, a rider on the tracks up ahead tries to outrun it with a herd of moose. Hence, then sends them galloping down the steep embankment at the last minute as the train barrels past their flanks, perilously close. The movie is the 1982 classic *The Grey Fox*, an astonishing first feature that

Vancouver's Phillip Borsos directed at the tender age of 27. Borsos was a filmmaker with an exquisite eye for character and landscape, English Canada's answer to Quebec's Claude Jutra (*Moi, l'indien*). He had no desire to make little Canadian movies. He struggled to make graceful, heroic stories on a Hollywood scale but without Hollywood compromise. The ordeal of shooting *Belouso* (1989) in China and the 10th-hour collapse of his plan to film *The Color Horse* (1991) broke his heart. When leukemia cut short his life at age 41, the dream of the Great Canadian Movie was neverly dimmed.

Last week I hosted a tribute to Borsos at the fourth annual Whistler Film Festival, as it inaugurated a \$10,000 prize for Canadian features in his name. It got me thinking twenty-two years after *The Grey Fox*, where do we stand? Where are the great Canadian movies? Our most recent triumphs have been about Oscar. How to call foreign-language films. Zacharias Kunsta's brisk epic, *Atanarjuat: The Fast Runner*, and Quebec director Denys Arcand's elegant masterpiece, *The Barbarians Invasions*. Quebec's driving cinema, with its captive culture, has always been a special case. But in English Canada, the big screen's horizons seem to be forever shrinking as it tries to find an audience.

We make a lot of small, worthy pictures that won't offer a token gesture of their birth. There are exceptions. But our star directors, Atom Egoyan and David Cronenberg, have been too intent on chasing the darker recesses of the psyche to explore

the kind of pop-film cinema Borsos championed. Our biggest film-TV production company, Alliance Atlantis, has more or less given up making movies—mainly out. And our biggest raised, Robert Lantos, has been mired in the no-much land of institutional co-production, concocting decisions period expedite that set just nominally Canadian—*The Statement* and *Beep Love*. On both the big and small screens, Canadian drama is



Borsos (left) directed *Firestorm* in the *Grey Fox*, a high point of this country's cinema

withering from financial maladjustment. And with the rising dollar and a non-competitive two-week season, even American production in Canada is down.

"I don't think we'll be able to make *The Grey Fox* today," says its producer, Peter O'Brien, who was part of the jury that selected the first *Thelma Houston Award* at the Whistler festival. O'Brien points out that *The Grey Fox* was one of the greatest successes to emerge from the *Independent* (or *Whistler*) era (1974-82), in which Ottawa allowed

filmmakers a 100 per cent capital cost write-off. That era nourished a lot of idiosyncratic Canadian movies with B-level American stars—a phenomenon O'Brien would later satirize in his own ill-fated directorial debut, *Hollywood North* (1989).

Honestly, O'Brien wasn't the only filmmaker at Whistler to have made a Hollywood North spoof. Actor-writer-director Don McKellar was on hand to present *Childlike*, the story of an aspiring actor (McKellar) who plays a bratty young American actor on a Toronto film set. You start to wonder what's up with this industry when, after riding a gondola through the dark to a mountain-top party, you end up in a room with two guys from Toronto frustrated by filmmaking in Canada that they've been driven to make cynical movies about it.

But both O'Brien and McKellar, along with most of the Canadian film industry, have been cheered by a recent bit of news: the appointment of Wayne Clarkson as the new executive director of Telefilm Canada, which dispenses some \$250 million a year for film and TV production. Clarkson succeeds Richard Stenberg, who decamped to the CBC after losing a rather bitter legacy among the film community. In a failed effort to bolster Canadian cinema at the box office, Stenberg tried to sell Telefilm's mandate toward more commercial genres, and contracted Beverly Hills' Creative Artists Agency to shop for scripts, stars and financing in Los Angeles.

McKellar has been one of Stenberg's harshest critics. "I've been to festivals across the country," he says, "and heard all these appalling stories from filmmakers who were turned down by Telefilm because they basically said, 'We love it, but that's not in our mandate anyway.' We were gonna film 'I Love Talking Richard,' why didn't

you pay for why they should be good films?"

More complex than banishment, Clarkson, 58, ran Toronto's film festival in its formative years, and then, as chairman and CEO of the Ontario Film Development Corp., nurtured the early work of such directors as Lilipon and Patricia Rozema. He's spent the past 34 years incubating new talent and overseeing feature film projects as executive director of the Canadian Film Centre. Appointing Clarkson, says McKellar, "was a pure political move that says Telefilm has made in the past three years it says they're going to take movies seriously—Wayne's movie guy. We need to have to trust

you pay for why they should be good films?"

Clarkson stresses he has eclectic tastes that aren't limited to high art. "I like *Monty Python*. I have no issues with *Twilight*." But he adds, "It's not my priority to look to Hollywood for a revolution of issues that are pretty much within the 4th parallel." With the decline in Canadian TV drama and the layoffs in the film and TV industry serving U.S. productions here, "we have a real perfect storm," warns Clarkson. "I'm a filmmaker that's struggling to find a way to play a very an-



McKellar with one of two filmmakers there who have crafted Hollywood North spoofs

important role in my priorities—where is the next Atom Egoyan, the next Patricia Rozema? Where's the next Philip Borsos?"

Well, that may be Philip's 18-year-old son, Angus, an aspiring filmmaker with a distinctive talent. At the Whistler festival, Angus presented *Issues*, a striking 25-minute portrait of young skateboarders carving rhapodic signatures through Vancouver's urban space. With this remarkably accomplished film, Angus shows something of his father's eye—a lyrical sense of composition and movement, and a cutting rhythm of soft landings set to music. He also conveys a certain poignancy, capturing a *Neverland* of aerobic whyness—kids dancing curves from hard edges of concrete and steel. One of the film's stars is Angus's 15-year-old brother, Sean, a skateboarder who's also starring in *88 Laid*, a second feature drama from Wyeth Clarkson (sonofclarkson.com)—who happens to be the son of Telefilm's Wayne Clarkson. Small world.

The new generation of filmmaking is shaking from the hip, with digital video. Among the Canadian features receiving world premieres at the Whistler festival, the one that received the inaugural Borsos prize was *Papal Chair*, a scrappy guerrilla documentary by comic iconoclast Harry Hazz (*Black*). Hazz, who describes his approach as "Michael Moore on acid," took a \$1,000 bet that he could snag the Pope during John Paul's seven-day visit to Toronto in 2002. Filming press credentials and getting harassed by RCMP snipers, this Jewish producer tries every conceivable scam to make eye contact with the pontiff. He also dresses up as Stalin and tries mingling with World Youth Day pilgrims.

Meanwhile, *Grey Fox* producer O'Brien hasn't given up on epic ambitions. He's now planning a western about Sitting Bull's relationship with a Mohegan. My James Wilkie, in southern Saskatchewan during the 1870s. And he's negotiating with a major U.S. producer to make some \$25 million—even if that means an American star (other than, say, Paul Giamatti) right up to cost in the Mohegan. But that's anything coming from that. After all, the star of the Great Canadian Movie, *The Grey Fox*, was Richard Farnsworth, a Mohegan. [E]



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BACKTALK

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The new face—or better yet, eyes—of French cinema

Actress Tautou is poised for a very long silver-screen engagement

Most movie stars have eyes that burn with an inner light brighter than those of mere mortals. Audrey Tautou's eyes are huge, but they're dark and reflecting sunlight, like the cat's paws of a feline. Despite her success in the film world, she remains a private person. "The the description of doubt—a genuine person who doubts, I don't know if I'm an actor, and love is an extremely powerful sentiment," Tautou, who wears a gold bangle on her ring finger, says she's unprepared, then quickly adds she won't answer personal questions—a star who knows to deflect the light. BRAD KATZ

"I'm not on a poster and I'm not the big star. Some people ask me if I'm a second effort because of the last [with *Big Mouth*]. They're right. It's amazing," she says, looking thoughtful.

Tautou is a poster and I'm not the big star. Some people ask me if I'm a second effort because of the last [with *Big Mouth*]. They're right. It's amazing," she says, looking thoughtful.

BUZZ LIST

LEAVE THE NIGHT
Madison Turner's debut album features David Byrne and Jack Sparrow as the two main hosts. Tony Blair and George W. Bush are also on the list. The album is available on CD, DVD, and Blu-ray. The album is available on CD, DVD, and Blu-ray.

AUDREY TAUTOU
Audrey star gives looking for love again.

LAST WEEK
The album is available on CD, DVD, and Blu-ray.

Wiley
Wiley's new album is available on CD, DVD, and Blu-ray. The album is available on CD, DVD, and Blu-ray.



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MAGAZINE | DECEMBER 26, 2004 61

John Inémi | ON STYLE



Did you wear *that* to work?

Thanks to dress-down days, our offices are now riddled with fashion faux pas all week

EVER SINCE THE BUBBLE burst on the dot-com kids a few years ago, style experts have been producing the real of business-casual. But take a quick scan of your workplace and it's pretty obvious that the trend of dressing down is far from dead. The only way of escaping from this Gilded Age is to harness T-shirts and jeans from the boardroom—redesigning them to your work-week wardrobe. Let's return to a more stylish era, when getting dressed for work meant getting dressed up—even on Fridays. For the first time, being casual is a dandy for wearing outfits.

To be clear, I'm certainly not siding with stuffy old men who tack their shirts into their undershirts and argue that everyone should be wearing starched button-downs and navy suits. But the problem with dress-down days is that they've put the working world on a slippery slope—priding an overly relaxed attitude toward fashion to every day of the week. "Casual Fridays once meant well pressed Madras and V-neck sweaters in muted colors, but it has quickly turned into cargo pants and hoodies," says Steve Wall, author of *Practical and Smart*.



Cost correspondent for *Flare* and *CTV's* *Style Daily*. "If every-one played by the rules, it may have worked, but casual is too open-ended a concept, allowing for too much interpretation." That explains why Judy is wearing black-and-white and Jimmy's got a Maple Leaf's cap on when meeting clients. "These raised our heads," she prescribes how to dress-casual business don't have what," says John T. Molloy, who plans to have a surreal

version of his 1975 bestseller, *Dress for Success*, in bookstores next year. "When casual dress caught on, standards were done away with and people became slovenly."

Experts say that if you don't feel like changing out of your clothes after work, chances are you were underdressed. Of course, it all depends where you work. Clothes especially count if you're dealing with the public, on the other hand, if you're behind the scenes engineer or tech geek, you're too smart for me to critique anyway. "You can overestimate push fashion boundaries on a creative workplace," says Wall.

"But never look like you're on a date," Molloy, who has been studying clothes and images for more than four decades, says that corporations are fully aware that going casual has a price. "A lot of companies want to do away with office casual," he says. "But they can't since it was so easy for employees to abuse. They'd have to replace it with money if they actually took it away."

Casual is a major nose-strike pro-social types argue that shifting to a more formal dress code isn't affordable.

But there are plenty of ways to stay stylish without spending \$50 per outfit/journeys. Then there's the debate over how clothes affect efficiency. "If you dress well," says Wall, "you feel well and work well." It's simple style mathematics. "Oscar says the correlation equals productivity, that just explains to the boss that the secret of your success is track pants and a tank top."

The cartoonist: John Inémi
inemi@rogers.com



Remedy | Too much cheer?

If you're giving the gift of booze this holiday, think about the morning after: the hottest new gift basket item is the hangerover remedy. We're not talking about snipping up a compressed Sausage McMuffin or popping a ribbon around a bottle of vodka. There are new herbal concoctions for relieving the pain.



So where your pick? Sweet Botanica makes berry-flavored Hangerover Drink (\$9.95) containing ginger, lemon, and natural flavors. "It's a great way to wake up in the morning," says Botanica's founder, Holly Briggs, 27. "It was meant to have fun in the morning and still be up early for work."

But does it do it? Help? "Hangover cure science has very little to recommend it," says Wayne Skene of Toronto's Centre for Addiction and Mental Health. "And those products seem to have no proven ability to do what most people want." Also, not drinking too much is the only real solution—but that doesn't come with free packaging.

KATHY HANLEY

Money's Worth | Artificial Trees

Christmas tradition in a box

With Christmas creeping up fast, some of us are still undecided as to whether we can be bothered to decorate a tree this year—let alone water it regularly and deal with its post-seasonal carcases. But there may be an easier way. For years, artificial Christmas trees have been the object of aesthetic scorn, but design purists dismissed their rickety design and lack of authentic pine scent as tacky. But recently, Santa's elves have been hard at work delivering new tree technology to install believe, today's fake trees are ultra-realistic and more simple to set up than ever. Some even come with two-bus branches including pre-lit branches and fake snow. Once a weekend project, setting up a fake tree is now an hour-long task, which means more time to sip eggnog—and one less tree in the wood-chipper come Boxing Day. **DECK CHUCK**

BRANDON FINE OPTIC TREE, \$115	DANSON DECOR, PRE-LIT, \$175	SILVIA DECORATIONS INC., \$53	FLOC TREE, \$117
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DESCRIPTION
Five-foot tree comes in two pieces—boom and base. Also comes pre-lit with 100 warm-white lights. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down.

EASE OF ASSEMBLY
Incredibly simple. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down.

APPEARANCE
Very realistic. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down. The tree is made of a lightweight material that is easy to set up and take down.



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What's in Store

Who needs a store to evoke the warmth of holiday home cooking? Just spray your kitchen with Dots from Evelyn's Infusing Sacred Room Spray (\$14.95). So what if your guests are a little disappointed?



THE VERDICT: It's a little difficult to believe a perfume, but the fact is, it's hard to deny artificial trees are a classic, elegant in the home and, and less so useful to use with than a real tree. But it's not your own tree home.

OUR PICK: Evelyn's Infusing Sacred Room Spray (\$14.95). So what if your guests are a little disappointed?

TIP: In the end, it's best to let the words of the tree, your gift, do the talking. The words of the tree, your gift, do the talking.

There's a lot to be said for the words of the tree, your gift, do the talking. The words of the tree, your gift, do the talking.

Realistic "fresh cut of the forest" look. Just look on some lights and a few simple ornaments and you're done. It's easy to keep the look of a real tree, but it's not your own tree home.

For past Money's Worth go to last test drive, go to www.money'sworth.ca



iTUNES AS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

You learn more than you want to about someone by what they download

THE SURPRISE IS how quickly you tear your way through 700,000 tunes and millions hungry for more.

At the beginning of December, Apple finally launched its iTunes Music Store in Canada. At last! legal, high-quality music downloads, poured from the Internet straight into your iPod—or more to the point, straight into mine. Cheap, too: 99 cents, which even with our relatively late launch makes iTunes a less onerous burden on the wallet in Canada than in

the United States, Britain or the Eurozone.

Well, you can hardly imagine the excitement, at least in that corner-of-Canada society where music freaks more granched grins. A friend e-mailed me with the news less than an hour after Apple Canada's iTunes site went up. It was as if Christmas had come early. True, I used to use Napster periodically when it was free and therefore, er, illegal. I have LimeWire, a similar file-sharing system, on my home Mac, but I almost never launch it. I have enough music from the 13 really talented musicians get paid for their work.

So I downloaded the latest iTunes software and spent the weekend poking around. There's a lot here. You can buy U2's latest album for \$9.99. And while you're at it, you can get *The Complete U2: 446 tunes* for \$149.99. There's music by the Canadian Brass and the Barenaked Ladies and Neil Young and Green Day and thousands of other groups and artists.

So it's striking that almost everyone I've asked took only about 10 minutes to discover what they couldn't find. As they used to say on MTV, too much is never enough.

What's missing? Where to begin? There's nothing by June Bennett, the Toronto soprano. Nothing by Carol Lipin, the Montreal singer whose new album *My Favorite Discretion* is my favourite of the year. Nothing by the Arcade Fire, the Montreal rockers whose album *Funeral* is a lot of other people's favourite of the year. I think Carol Willems is a wonderful Canadian



pop singer, but if you're relying on iTunes, you'll have to make my word for it: Nothing by Aaliyah Zappacosta, in case you were wondering. Hilary Hahn, the bright young American violinist? (Classical, "Do you mean Lullaby Kater?" No, it wasn't Hilary Hahn. My loss. In fact, iTunes is a bit of a waste of life if you're serious about classical music. Joshua Bell is under-represented, John Adams the composer is nowhere to be found (although John Adams the president is here, in an audiobook version of David McCullough's biography. "In such bitter cold of winter," we learn, "the pink of his mouth, clear-shaven, very English face would all but glow.")

The most common trend I found is a lack of what record sellers call "deep catalogues." Bill Chadwick probably has the most potent and elegant piano trio in jazz right now, but I can only recommend his latest two albums—*Scenes from a Sonata* and *Shades of Blue*—on iTunes.

concern. Their very first production, *Written in the Stars*, isn't on offer. You see thousands of things all over iTunes if an album is no longer available at your hometown HMV, it's probably not for sale on iTunes either. The only difference is that you can reasonably expect iTunes' selection to improve. Or so you'd think. Between Wednesday and Friday of last week a bunch of tunes actually vanished from iTunes.

Here's a list of my first 21 iTunes purchases. There is no theme beyond a love for melody and, in the case of my inimitable preference for a Rod Stewart cover over the Tom Waits original, a willingness to publicly humiliate myself.

- It's a Long, Long Time (Everything)
- Prince, I Could Never Take the Place of Your Man
- Bing Crosby, *Swing Easy*
- Song, *Why Should I Cry for That?*
- Joe Williams and Count Basie, *Every Day I Have the Blues*
- Blue Rodeo, *John's Wild*
- Mark Knopfler, *On the Threshold of Liberty*
- Joe Jackson, *Ar My Number Two* (live version)
- John Hiatt, *Sneaky Tip*
- Count Basie, *It's OK, It's Mine*
- Rod Stewart, *Two Trains & One*
- The Scorpions, *Chasing the Wind*
- Kenny G, *Love, Love, Love*
- Dixie Sorin, *Silence of Spring*
- Mandy Patinkin, *Multitudes of Angels*
- Duke Ellington, *Lotus Blossom* (live version)
- Lita Loeb and Nine Stages, *Stay* (I Almost Did)

... and four tunes from Paul Simon's album *Songs from The Capeman*: Adam Horovitz, *Sixty Summer Nights*, Cam Fenger Hm and Kibler Wants to Go to College 3. Yikes. That last trio more than you probably want to know about the guy who compiled it. It turns out that iTunes is autobiography.

To comment: backpage@melrose.ca
Read Paul Wells at www.melrose.ca/paulwells

Does heartburn wake you up at night?



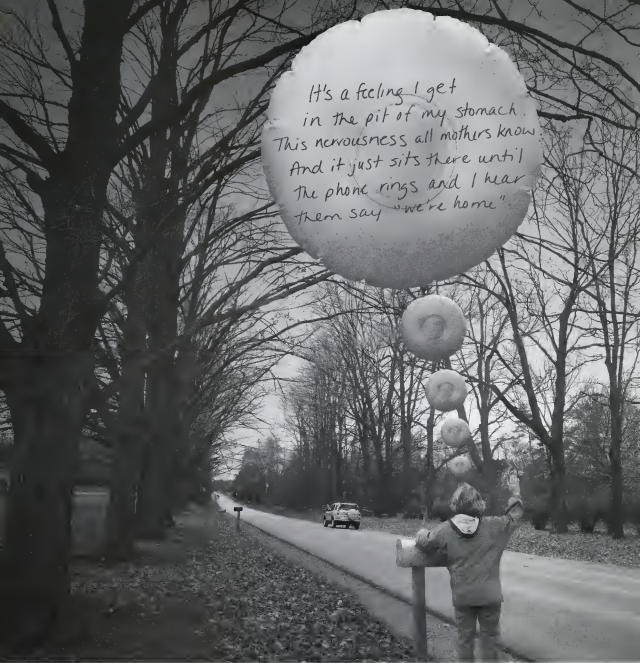
Pepcid® Complete stops heartburn fast so you can rest easy. Pepcid® Complete combines an antacid that neutralizes acid¹ on contact, with an acid controller that works for up to 12 hours².

All in one chewable tablet.

Just one and heartburn's done.

For more information and a trial offer, visit pepcidcomplete.ca

Heartburn is caused by acid reflux. Acid reflux is caused by stomach acid backing up into the esophagus. © 2004 Schering-Plough HealthCare Products, Inc. All rights reserved.



It's a feeling I get
in the pit of my stomach.
This nervousness all mothers know
And it just sits there until
The phone rings and I hear
them say "we're home."

We know you worry about your family, so at Honda we're doing something extraordinary with ours. By the end of 2006, almost all Honda vehicles will come with front-side airbags with Occupant Position Detection Systems, Side Curtain Airbags and Anti-Lock Brakes - all standard. And our light duty trucks, including SUVs and minivans, will feature Vehicle Stability Assist and rollover sensors for side curtain deployment - again, all standard. To learn more about the thinking that's setting a new standard, visit SafetyForEveryone.cn

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